



FEBRUARY—1938

The American
LEGION
MAGAZINE

★ LEONARD H. NASON • MARQUIS JAMES • DEAN HERBERT F. GOODRICH ★

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Ready
to
Mail
!*

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EMBLEM CATALOG



WITH SONS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION SUPPLEMENT

1938

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for
Yours
Today*

M2-38

EMBLEM DIVISION

National Headquarters, The American Legion,
777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Please rush my free copy of the brand new 1938 American Legion catalog, which features an unusual, new and distinctive line of official Legion and Sons of the American Legion regalia, jewelry and other attractive combinations. It is to be distinctly understood that this in no way obligates me to purchase.

NAME.....STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....Serial number of my 1938 membership card is.....

Why Some Men Grow Rich So Fast

What's the REAL secret of those who make fortunes? Let's toss aside the old "success-story" fairy tales—and the wall-mottos about "Work Hard" and "Strive and Succeed." They're bunk; and you know it!

YOU'VE seen men work till they were ready to drop—and get nowhere. You've seen fellows with as much brains as anyone else—ruttied in miserable jobs; waiting year after year for "dead men's shoes," for the man above to pass out of the picture, or move up a peg!

You've seen these things. They're *real* to you. And you've puzzled time and time again over what is the *TRUE* reason some men grow rich so fast—while others stand still. This question once puzzled another man who has since become famous. Years ago Napoleon Hill determined to find the answer to it. **AND HE HAS!**

How He Analyzed Henry Ford Once Each Year for Over 20 Years

Over a period of 25 years Napoleon Hill went personally to the men who had *made* fortunes. Asked them how the *AVERAGE MAN* could get rich. Got close to men like Ford, Edison, Wrigley, Schwab, Woolworth, Eastman, Gillette, Firestone, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Armour, Marshall Field—to over 500 rich men, most of whom *had* been poor. He spent hour after hour with them; eliminated theories; extracted and recorded

their real secrets. Then he saw them again and again as they checked the truth of his findings, and personally approved them.

For example, Andrew Carnegie was one of the first men Hill talked with years ago. Carnegie gave him hours of time; then said: "Go see this man Ford. Study him. You will learn how a man can start at scratch, without money or great schooling, and become wealthy. Ford will one day dominate the motor industry." So Hill

saw Ford. And he got to know him well. (In fact, Mr. Hill's first automobile was delivered to him by Mr. Ford, who drove it around the block and showed him how to run it.) Then Hill made his first personal analysis of Ford—and *has done so once each year for over 20 years*. He has carefully made note of every principle used by Ford in his miraculous rise from poverty to power.

The 13 Steps to Riches

Out of this research has come an amazing new book which tells the **THIRTEEN** definite, practical ways for **ANY AVERAGE MAN OR WOMAN** to grow rich. "**THINK AND GROW RICH**" does not give you mental tricks, exercises, or copy-book notions about "sticking at it," "strive hard," or any claptrap. It tells **CLEARLY** the 13 specific steps to riches **YOU** can easily start to take the minute you begin reading the book—the actual steps that have led to thousands and millions of dollars for other men and women who had **NO MORE TO START WITH THAN YOU HAVE AT THIS VERY MOMENT!**

This book will give you a **SUCCESS MIND**—bring you into immediate contact with a new irresistible **POWER** which will automatically remove the obstacles that get in your way. It will cause you to think in bigger ideas—banish self-consciousness and an "inferiority complex"—give you a dynamic, magnetic personality that will draw people to you, gain their hearty co-operation. It will tell you how to put back into yourself even greater power, courage, and faith than the depression took out of you. It will start new ideas flowing through your mind. And it will bring you **RICHES**—in money, friendships, family and business associations, and in harmony within your own mind!

"Has Changed His Life"

"A friend of mine for whom I recently obtained a copy of *Think and Grow Rich* has patented an idea which has very unusual possibilities. He gives credit to his reading of this book, and affirms it has changed his whole course of life." R. J. T., Massachusetts.

From a Congressman

"A practical book. I know Mr. Hill has had rare contacts with wealthy men—opportunities to learn secrets accorded to few men living today. I can best demonstrate my faith in this book by asking you to send me fifty copies." Hon. Jennings Randolph, U. S. House of Representatives.

"Thank God for Mr. Hill"

"Thank God for a man like Mr. Hill to write such a book. I am beginning to awaken now, and where I have thought myself a failure in life, I am beginning to take courage. I'm pulling out of that long, long sleep!" Mack L. Pyle, Dayton, Ohio.

"Arouses One Into Action"

"Mr. Hill arouses into action all that lies dormant within a man's being, enabling one to live life more fully, and at the same time, receive benefits which ordinarily would be passed by." B. F. Madole, Attorney, Danville, Ark.

What These 13 Steps to Riches Will Do For You

Describe the inside secret of Ford's stupendous achievements.

Bring you the secret formula which was the basis of Carnegie's fortune.

Give you the "guts" to demand more of life and get it.

Show you how to convert ideas into cash.

Show you how to sell your services for more than you ever got before.

Show you how to master the 6 basic fears.

Show you how men start at scratch, without pull, great education or money, and accumulate fortunes.

Give you a practical knowledge of the mysterious "sixth sense" now being discussed all over the world.

Describe the astounding principle of the "Master Mind," used by all who accumulate great riches.

Explain the 5 major methods by which sex energy may be used to improve personality.

Explain the 5 steps to complete self-confidence.

Outline the 5 best ways to procure a position.

Show how to master procrastination.

Tell how to induce others to co-operate with you in business and social relationships.

SEND NO MONEY

This book is **GUARANTEED** to prove its own case! The partial list of contents tells but a fraction of the things it will **DO** for you. But if for any reason whatever it does not more than live up to every claim, it **COSTS YOU NOTHING**. Send no money with this coupon, unless you want to. When the book reaches you, deposit with postman only \$2 plus few cents postage. Then, unless within 5 days you agree that **YOUR KEY TO RICHES IS DEFINITELY IN THIS VOLUME**—return it and your money will be refunded. Mail coupon—with or without money—**NOW. The Ralston Society, Dept. A. L. 2, Meriden, Conn.**

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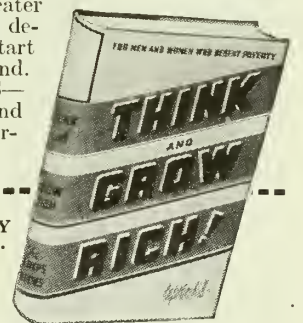
Send me "**THINK AND GROW RICH**" I will pay postman only \$2 plus few cents postage, with the definite understanding that within 5 days after receiving this book I may return it, if I so decide, and you will refund my \$2 without delay.

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☐ Check here if enclosing \$2 WITH this coupon. In that case we pay postage—you save. The same 5-day return privilege applies, of course.



For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

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NATIONAL Vice Commander Cappy Capodice killed two birds with one stone when he sent out his Christmas cards a few weeks ago. He sent the season's greetings to his multitude of friends and added: "Reminding you that you have a date in Los Angeles in 1938." If everybody that knows Cappy goes to L.A. next September the town will bulge out at the sides even if nobody else shows up.

THE rehabilitation problem, closest to the Legion's heart of all Legion concerns since the very founding of the organization, has developed a corps of specialists who have every right to be denominated experts, though they are much too modest to assert any such claim for themselves. Also they are too busy prosecuting their useful and highly humanitarian hobby. Such a Legionnaire is Bill McCauley, who, in the article entitled "Minds on the Mend" in this issue, describes the admirable and effective colonization plan inaugurated by the Illinois Legion in state institutions, and describes it as one technically equipped to talk about it. If Bill McCauley doesn't know his stuff, then there's simply no way of accounting for the fact that he served successive terms as Illinois Department Commander.

NEWTON D. BAKER was a loyal, sympathetic and devoted friend of The American Legion, and in his appearances before two National Conventions, Detroit in 1931 and his home city of Cleveland in 1936, made eloquent and memorable addresses. In connection with the Detroit Convention, a characteristic story

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 60. In notifying the Indianapolis address be sure to include the old address as well as the new and don't forget the number of your Post and name of Department.

exemplifying his tact, graciousness and modesty can now be told. The Legion's National Headquarters had invited Mr. Baker to deliver the main convention address. Then it was announced that President Hoover would address the convention, and the fact appeared in newspapers throughout the land. Immediately came a wire from Mr. Baker saying that he would gladly withdraw and relinquish his time to the President. National Headquarters of course replied that there was room for both the President and Mr. Baker on the program, and repeated its expressions of thanks at his original consent to speak. Mr. Baker went to Detroit and delivered a stirring address.

THE earliest history of The American Legion was the work of George S. Wheat, whose recent death at the age of fifty-one has removed a Legionnaire who was active in the days of the St. Louis Caucus and a former editor of The American Legion Weekly, predecessor of the present Magazine. Wheat's "Story of The American Legion," published in 1919 when the events it chronicled were still fresh, will always be a valuable record of the cradle days of the organization. Marquis James's "A History of The American Legion," published in 1923, carried the Legion's story through the New Orleans National Convention of 1922, and devoted much space to the Paris Caucus, which necessarily was given less notice in the Wheat book. Wheat, a New York newspaperman, was commissioned a naval lieutenant within a month of the declaration of war.

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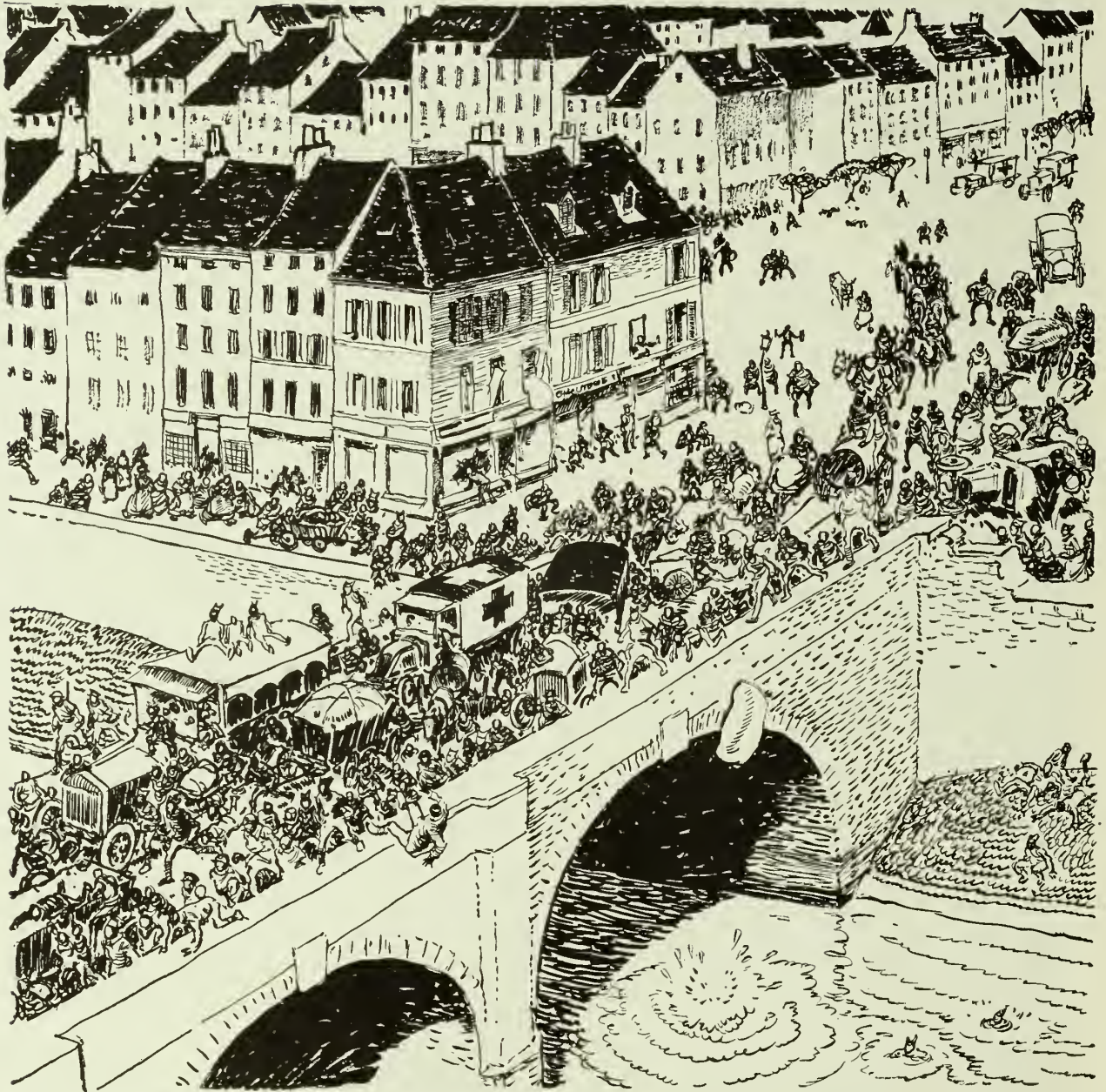
HOT DOGS — *No Mustard*

IT MAY well be that Marlene Dietrich has the most-photographed legs in America, but when it comes to the most-photographed feet we give you Legionnaire John F. Garrison of John Brawley Post of Charleston, West Virginia. The above portrayal of John's reaction to the Up Fifth Avenue Parade of

September 21, 1937, was far and away the most widely-used photograph to come out of the New York National Convention. Many million Americans have gazed on John's tingling nether members during the intervening months and developed countless bunions of sympathy. But don't kid yourselves, folks—John had one

swell time. John, you can see right away, is a cymbalist (or should it be cymbaleer, because doesn't Cymbalist play the violin?) in the John Brawley Post Drum and Bugle Corps. He will be on hand, also on foot, September 20, 1938, for the big Twentieth National Convention Parade in Los Angeles.

The SUITCASE



ONCE upon a time I was at one of these buffet suppers, which was like when I was in the replacement camp, you had to fight to get anything to eat. So I was sitting down in a corner with my arm around the neck of a bottle of fire-water, waiting until the riot was over. Over to me comes something nice done up in white with a pink ribbon tied in a bow. You could tell just by the wrapping that it was no old bundle of goods from the ten cent store.

"Oh, Mr. Nason," says this nice bundle of lady, "haven't you had anything to eat yet? Why don't you just push right in there and help yourself?"

"Well, lady, since 1918 I been inclined to let matters take their course. I pushed right into that war there, to help myself, and I wish I had a dollar for every poke in the nose, actual and figurative, that it got me."

"Oh!" The nice bundle melts into a chair beside me. "Were you really in the war? In battle? Oh, tell me about your first battle! They say soldiers won't talk! Will you? I'll get you some supper afterward, all myself!"

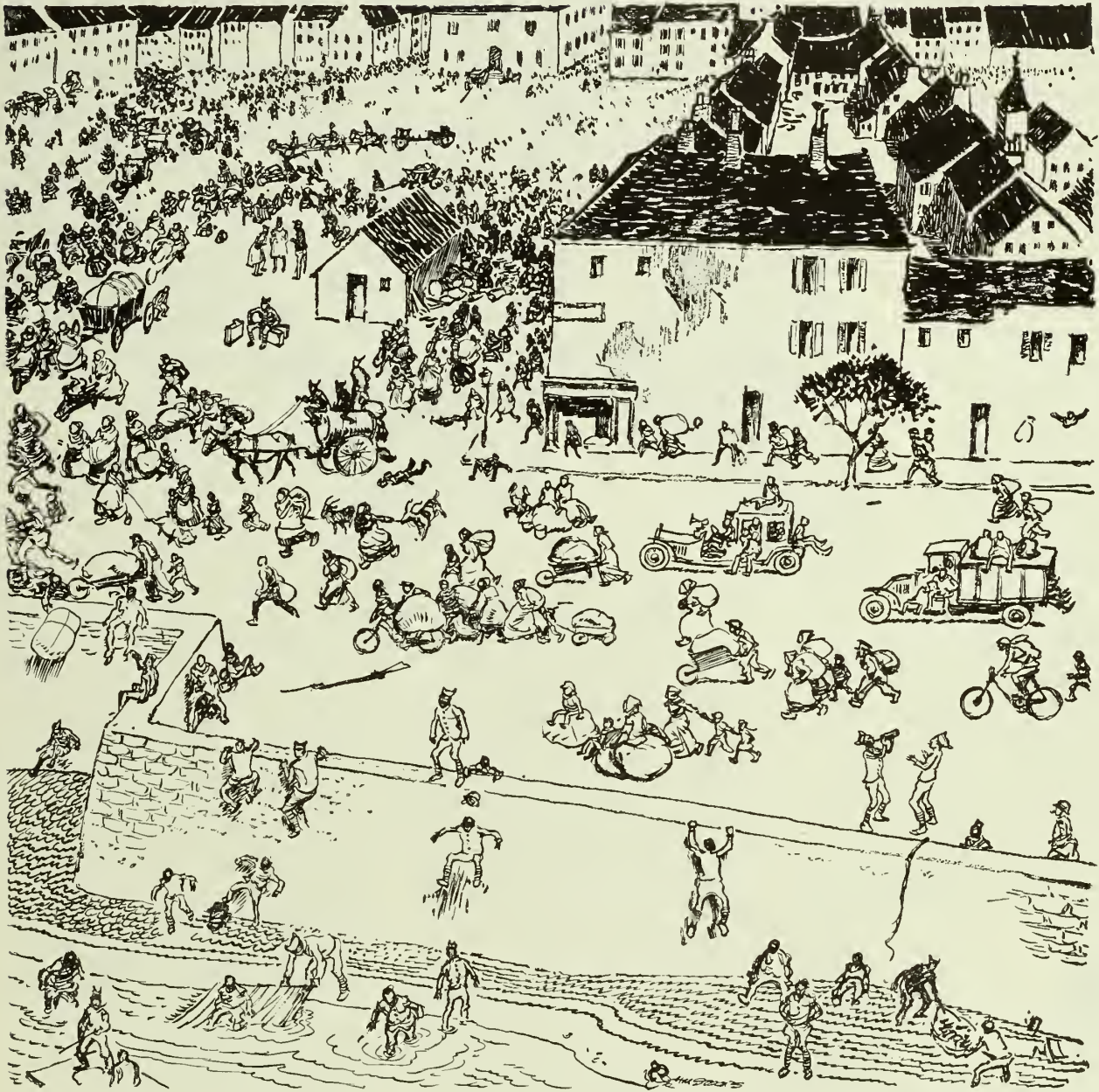
By **LEONARD**
Illustrations by

"Lady," said I, "if you would listen, I'd tell you anything. What would you like to hear?"

"About your first battle! About the first time you saw Germans, and heard shots fired in anger, and met your enemy face to face! Tell me, did you have a bayonet?"

"The first time I met the Germans on their own side of the fence I was armed

of the MARNE



H. NASON

Herbert M. Stoops

with a suitcase," said I, "and you needn't raise your eyebrows, because I sat on that suitcase and watched civilization collapse. Now you push over here in the corner where the chow hounds won't trample on you, and you shall hear all about it."

UPON a May night in 1918 I was on the station platform in a big railroad town called Troyes. I had two officers

with me, one bustling little looney of ordnance, and the other one, taller, older, and calmer, that the soldiers had called The Owl, because he was so solemn. These two lads didn't know anything about the Army except that it wore O. D. uniforms. They had been commissioned because the company they worked for had a contract to make field guns in the U. S. A., and they had been sent to Europe to examine the French 75's. They had to have some kind of military status to allow them to travel.

This pair had been ordered to some battery in a quiet sector to observe 75's in action, and had invited me to go, be-

The stream of trucks, automobiles and soldiers poured over the bridge all headed for the rear, hauling tail as fast as they could

cause I was supposed to speak French. Up to that point, I had considered this war as a picnic, a sort of spectacle put on for my pleasure alone, so I just lightly abandoned any attempt to get back to my own regiment; I accepted to go knocking around France with these two civilians in uniform. Civilians, I said. They had a big suitcase between them, with clean shirts, towels, stockings, and pajamas. It would have been funny ex-

cept that I had to carry it. Me, a sergeant of the Regular Army! How the Imperial German Eagle must have laughed.

Well, I was on the railroad platform, watching the crowd of soldiers coming home from the front, or going back from leave, the gang around the bar in the corner — I would have bought myself a drink there only I hadn't been paid for six months—and waiting, waiting, while the Little Looney got his travel orders stamped. Every time we changed trains, the Little Looney would have to go get his orders stamped at the Commissaire de Gare, and I'd wait with the suitcase.

Finally I saw him coming, pushing his way through the crowd, followed by the solemn Owl and a French soldier.

"Here, sergeant!" cries the Little Looney to me. "See what the matter is with this man! If you'd come with us in the first place, we'd have had this straightened out long ago. What's the good of having you along to speak French if you're never around?"

If I hadn't been a soldier I would have replied that every time I had tried to speak French for the Little Looney he had insisted on interrupting in English, so that I had just given up the argument. As it was, I replied by standing at attention and saying nothing.

"Well, ask this soldier here, this Frenchman, why they won't stamp my order!"

"*Alors!*" said I. That's always a good way to start. It's a French word that goes



with anything, and when you've said it, you're already on your way. It's like diving off a springboard into cold water, instead of wading in. The shock is over at once, and you have to swim out anyway. "Alors," said I, "what is it that you have?"

"Vailly!" says the French soldier, wobbling the cigarette butt he had stuck under his moustache, and pointing to our destination on the order. "*Pas bon!* Oh, no, go not to Vailly, my friends and American saviors. Impossible."

"Why not, brave Frenchman and gallant guide-post?"

"Ah, the dirty Boches have taken it away from us!"

"Oh, but no! Some other Vailly! Not this Vailly! Why, we only got orders to go there a couple of days ago!"

"Eh bien, it was captured only yesterday!"

"Here, here!" interrupted the Little Looney, "what's he say, what's he say? Let me in on this!"

"He says the Boches have captured Vailly."

"Aw, nuts! We're going to Soissons, by railroad, that's all he needs bother about! Or, for that matter, as far as from here to Mont-

mirail where we change again. Tell him that! What's he chattering about now?"

"He says the Boches took Soissons this morning!"

"Bah! The man is mad. Why would the American G. H. Q. order me to Soissons if it was in danger? Does that sound likely? Why, Colonel Hennessy at La Courtine told me this was the quietest place on the whole front where we're going!"

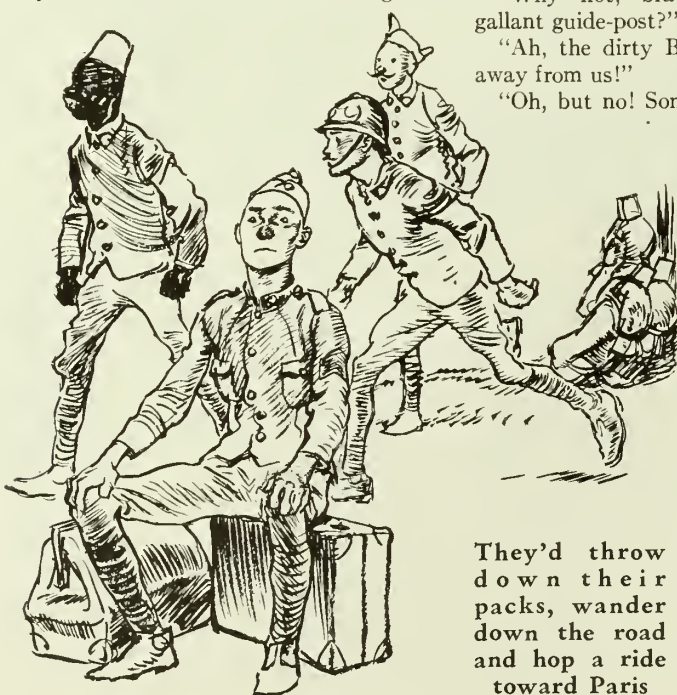
"I don't know, sir, anything about it. Maybe the American G. H. Q. is just as surprised as you are."

"Fiddlesticks! They don't have surprises like that in modern war. Each side knows what the other side is going to do weeks before they do it. Tell this man here to stamp my orders as far as Montmirail, which is all he has anything to do with. If he won't stamp them I'll get on the train without them. Pick up that suitcase and come on."

The French soldier shrugged his shoulders. He had done what he could. He went back to the office and stamped the orders. I didn't dare question him any further, myself, because I wasn't so sure of my French. I wasn't certain that he'd said what he seemed to have said. And it did sound strange, that even in the American Army such officers and a non-com would be ordered to a place that was in danger of immediate capture. However, I went over to an old lady selling newspapers and magazines.

"What goes on at Soissons?" said I, having thought the question all out in advance, to be sure I'd get it right.

"Ah, an unhappiness! Poor Soissons!



They'd throw down their packs, wander down the road and hop a ride toward Paris



The very old and the very young, loaded down, a sight to break your heart

The Boches they have taken it this day." "Tiens! But I thought it was many kilometers from the front!"

"It was. But the front collapsed. Ah, the war is over; you Americans have come too late! All these poor soldiers have to go back to the front; all leave has been canceled; we have been betrayed! I was a little girl in 1870. The Boches came even as far as Troyes then!" She wiped her eyes.

I went from the newsstand to the Little Looey in two jumps.

"Sir," said I, "it's true. The Germans have captured Soissons."

"You keep your eye on that suitcase, will you?" he asked. "That's all you need worry about. I'll look after everything else."

We got into Montmirail, the next stop, about daybreak. I slept on the train, as well as I could, because there was no use letting a chance for a little shut-eye be lost, so I don't know what went on. The two looys traveled first-class, with the French officers, and I traveled where I could get on, so we didn't see each other except at junction points. The Little Looey had been up all night, apparently, trying to speak English to French officers that wanted to sleep, and were fed up with the war, him, the government, and life. I saw The Owl, first, nosing around trying

to find a place to buy breakfast, and not finding any.

"Sir," said I, "hell has broken loose somewhere. Look at the confusion in this station. Soldiers by the million! And they look as if they were all going to be shot at daybreak. Can't you convince the other lieutenant he ought to telegraph for instructions?"

"He ranks me," said the Owl, and looked at me down his nose.

"I know, but this is crazy, taking us up there like this!"

The Owl grinned. "I think it's all crazy," said he. "What the hell do they want me to wear a britching like this for?" He tugged at his Sam Browne. "It's a circus! Who ever heard of a crazier thing than to send two ordnance experts half way across France with a

nit-wit sergeant to see how a gun looks in a trench? Couldn't they dig a trench and put a gun in it at La Courtine? Where do you suppose we can get some coffee and punk?"

"Where is he?" I asked, meaning the Little Looey.

"Oh, hotfootin' around somewhere. He's got piles, that guy. He can't sit down a minute."

Just then the Little Looey appeared, all steamed up.

"Come, boys," said he, "don't let's be



standing here doing nothing. Breakfast, and away to Château-Thierry, our next stop! Come! I've washed under the hydrant and feel like a million dollars!"

"Sir," I began, "do you see all these sad-eyed French soldiers standing around? Did you notice there wasn't a civilian on the train up from Troyes, not one?"

"It was a leave-train. They don't allow civilians on it. These Frenchmen look sad because they're going back to their regiments from leave. Anybody would be sad. Where do we eat, sergeant? If you had spent a little more time finding a place to eat instead of looking for things to be frightened about, I would have thought much better of you."

We went into the restaurant, or whatever it was—some place the Red Cross had set up, I guess. About half of it was taken up with a lot of little girls, all dressed alike, in black, with

black sailor hats, and every one with a little black handbag. They were in charge of two Sisters, who were walking up and down, watching them eat bread and drink some boiled milk with a little coffee in it. I asked the woman that took our order who these little kids were, all with their pigtails the same length, and their big black bow neckties.

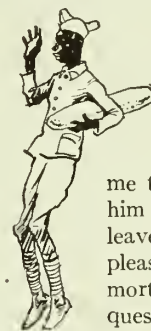
"Refugees from Paris," said she. "An orphanage. The Big Bertha drove them out." The waitress wept. "The dirty Boches!" she sobbed. "They've licked us. Let it be over now, the quicker the better!"

I translated that.

"Now, see here, Nason," barks the Little Looey. "I've had enough of this! You keep your mouth shut from now on until you're requested to open it!"

Huh. All right, lieutenant. About half an hour afterward he asked me to open my mouth, to tell him when the next train would leave for Soissons. I took great pleasure in telling him that no mortal man could answer that question—that trains ran east and trains ran west, but trains

didn't run north from Montmirail any more. Also that a train had come in while we were eating breakfast, on its last run. It had come in full of refugees, civilians and wounded, not from Soissons, but from Château-Thierry. (Cont. on page 40)





Sixty-two



Sixty-five



Sixty-six

HENRY FORD *on* AGES and JOBS

An Authorized Interview by
ARTHUR VAN VLISSINGEN

HENRY FORD has the habit of looking at facts so directly and simply that it disconcerts anyone whose thinking is more involved. When you hunt for a complex or obscure reason behind any Ford policy, you are hunting for something that does not exist. Probably the reason is so plain and simple and obvious that you overlooked it, as when grandmother could not find her spectacles because she was wearing them.

At the huge Rouge plant, America's largest industrial unit, and at the scores of smaller plants of Ford Motor Company, anyone passing through cannot miss noticing the large proportion of middle-aged and elderly workers. Out in the Rouge railroad yards, for instance, you observe an old man inspecting cars. He is a good car inspector, so good that within the past few months his pay was raised to \$7.20 a day. Joe Grundy, now 84, has been a car inspector most of his life—but not for Ford. He worked for a railroad until he was retired for old age at 70. Next day he asked for a Ford job, has been working there ever since.

Ed Snyder looks about 60 as he hands out tools from a stockroom to workers at the Ford steel mill. Actually he is 81, 8

with 45 years of work in his record before he came here. Retired in 1921 because he was 65—his former employer's age limit—he got a Ford job. Snyder has bought and paid for a house since then, says he thinks he will retire and enjoy his leisure after 1956, when his one-hundredth birthday is due.

Octogenarians Joe Grundy and Ed

Snyder should be of interest even to men in their middle forties and early fifties. If Ford finds it feasible to hire men of 65 or 70, pay them the same good wages he pays men of younger age at identical jobs, then certainly the outlook is far from hopeless for the middle-aged man in search of work. When a competent man of typical Legion age encounters an ob-



Total ages, 467; average, sixty-six plus

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



Seventy-two



Sixty-five



Fifty-three

jection that he is too old to hire, it is time for some missionary effort. The employer who has erected this needless barrier between a good man and a good job needs his thinking changed.

Why does Henry Ford hire men of 40, 50, 60, even 70? Is it because he thinks it humane to give them jobs when some other employers will not? Is it because he feels this an employer's obligation to society? Anyone who knows Mr. Ford would not entertain these ideas for even a moment. If it were suggested to him that he hires middle-aged and old men out of kindness or as a duty, he would probably say:

"Ford Motor Company is not a charity or a social agency. For the good of the company and the sake of the men themselves it is necessary that they produce full value for their wages. Often by themselves they could not do this, but an employer who is sufficiently interested in the matter can always organize work and methods so that they can do this. Men who might be considered not worth hiring under one system might prove very much worth it under another system, if anyone will take the trouble to adjust the work to the efficiency that remains in these men. So much has been done to adjust men to methods that it is a good thing occasionally—and always in matters like this—to adjust methods to the necessities of men."

The company actually does hire a great many men who are past the age generally considered employable. Of the last 700 men hired, more than 200 were past 50. Clear consideration of the problem of age and employment requires first that we clear away some cobwebs in our own thinking. Men past 40 and out of work are no novel problem, here or abroad. We who think of it as a new-

fangled discrimination against the men of Legion age need brushing up on the statistics.

Actually, employment of persons of 40 or older has been increasing for 30 years. In 1900, less than one employed person in four was 40 or older. In the last census, it was one in three. So, it is plain that more men of our age are working today than were working when our fathers were our age. These figures cannot be accounted for by a handful of good employers like

his experience, his clear thinking. Henry Ford will be 75 years old next July; he was 40 when he founded his company. But his ideas about employment go back more than 34 years. They were clearly formulated when he himself was an industrial employe working for wages. It has been necessary to change them very little meanwhile.

"There never has been an arbitrary age limit in our shops," declares Mr. Ford. "We hire men of all ages, because there

are men of all ages, and it is just the natural thing to do—the right way to do, too, I think. To set up age restrictions would be unnatural and wrong. You would have to do some thinking and reach wrong conclusions, to do that. It would be discrimination and would lead to unequal conditions, and certainly that would not make the world any better. The natural thing is usually the right thing.

"The world is composed of people of all ages. On the farm where I grew up, the family was a typical cross-section of humanity by ages. Father represented middle age, grandfather was an old

man, and then there were the children ranging from young men and women down to the small ones. There was no age discrimination in jobs there, I can tell you.

"This is the way it is going to be everywhere. The work of production—of supplying basic needs in an ample way—hasn't started yet. When this country really gets going, there will be no discrimination on account of age, for everyone who can do anything at all will be needed. What we are going to see in this country is a man-shortage. Then every employer will be forced to find ways to use men of every degree of efficiency. Then as now, efficiency can be insured by method.

(Continued on page 38)



Seventy-one and eighty-one

Ford as a typical example, who has 43.7 percent of his employes over 40, one in four over 50. Nor, in all common sense, can it be that these are all men who were hired before they reached middle age and have clung to their jobs ever since. It is clearly a problem of a minority of employers—conspicuous, it may be, but nevertheless a minority.

As already suggested, while the Ford Motor Company hires even old men at full wages and keeps them in its employ, this is not for reasons of sentiment—unless a helpful interest in human problems can be called sentiment. The reasons are far simpler than that; they grew out of the boss's own background,

A FARMER Goes to

By

MARQUIS JAMES

GEORGE WASHINGTON kept a diary in a hand so unhurried and legible that to glance at the pages one might think that he had had little else to do. Closer examination will reveal a hundred entries almost exactly like this:

"Wednesday, 19th [July, 1786]. Rid [invariably Washington wrote "rid" for "rode"] to all Plantations today. At that in the Neck, the Scythemen having cut (yesterday) the upper part of the Meadow, and to the cross fence, returned to the Oat field to day at the old orchard point, which they cut down; but did not shock, the Straw being too green for it. At the same place the Plows finished the middle cut of drilled Corn, and plowed, in the same cut, the intervals between the Corn rows which were designed for turnips. . . .

"On my return home I found Mr. Calvert of Maryland and his Son, Colo. Bland, Mr. Geo. Digges, Mr. Foster and Lund Washington—all of whom dined."

First of all Washington considered himself a farmer, regarding his careers as a soldier and a statesman as secondary employments. An account of the operation of a new drill plow, designed by the planter himself and made in his blacksmith shop, might consume a hundred words in the diary, an interview with a major general or a governor ten. The Mount Vernon estate was divided into six plantations, named the Ferry, Dogue's Run, Muddy Hole, the Neck, River Place and French's. In 1775 when Washington took charge of the armies these farms formed one of the best-paying properties in the colonies, and Washington was one of America's richest men, being worth, in present day funds, about \$400,000.

At the end of the first year in his country's service the planter-general was not so rich, however, because his



"Rid to all Plantations today. . . . The hands were getting out Wheat and Rye"

farms had lost money. Washington expected a short war, or, at worst, to be able to get home during the winter months long enough to put things to rights as he had done during frontier campaigns as a militia officer. The war was not short and Washington set foot on Mount Vernon only once until Christmas Eve, 1783, after an absence of eight years and eight months.

He found a place so neglected and debt-ridden that its value would have been difficult to approximate. To make a start at restoring the property Washington borrowed \$4,500 of Governor George Clinton of New York, and was grateful for the loan.

The next three years worked great changes. Going back to his youthful occupation of surveying, the proprietor marked the boundaries of his large estate, ran lines for mile upon mile of fences and for drainage ditches. Roads and bridges were built, fields reclaimed from long disuse. Tobacco remained the money crop, though Washington began to plant more grain. Tobacco exhausts the soil and hundreds of acres had to be fertilized. The fact that since his death no one has been able to farm the Mount Vernon lands profitably is a commentary on Washington's management. Orchards were set out and scientifically developed, the flour mill enlarged, a brick kiln started, cribs, barns, stables, meat and fish houses, sheds and all manner of buildings for housing crops, animals, implements and men erected or repaired. The proprietor's residence was gone over inside and out, and supplied with a new roof and copper gutters. The spacious front lawn was regraded and a beautiful flower garden created in the back.

PHILADELPHIA

Illustrations
by
WILL GRAVEN

To care for the mansion house, its grounds, stables, orchard and the blacksmith shop, carpenter shop and spinning and weaving houses on the home place grounds were 41 slaves, exclusive of 26 children under 15. On the outlying plantations were 149 hands that Washington owned in addition to those he hired. Their operations were directed by a general superintendent, an Englishman named Bloxham, and his assistant, by a resident overseer, usually colored, on each plantation and by the colored foremen. Without impairing the authority of the superintendent or overseers Washington kept his own eye on everything.

"Rid to all plantations. . ."

Day after day Washington opened his diary with that line. Usually he was in the saddle at sunup, whatever the weather. He talked not only to the superintendent and foremen, but also the field hands. He talked to millers, bricklayers, boatmen—Washington had his own sloop—wheelwrights, blacksmiths and cobblers who made shoes for the force, of hides grown and cured on the place. Once in a while he took along a gun for a little shooting, or his dogs to chase a fox—sports he had loved in his young days. Returning in the afternoon he went over accounts, dictated correspondence to his secretary, and changed his clothes to greet his guests before dinner. After the meal the host sometimes played cards for small stakes, and before 11 he was in bed.

There was no foretelling the size or the character of the company. Washington wrote his mother that she would not fancy Mount Vernon because it was like a "well resorted tavern" and the women folk must ever go dressed to re-



**"Let us raise a standard to which
the wise and honest can repair"**

ceive visitors. Travelers journeyed a hundred miles out of their route to tarry at Mount Vernon. When on July 30, 1785, Washington sat down to dinner with his wife he remarked that it was their first meal alone together since the war. The following day more than made up for this singular occurrence, sixteen guests arriving.

The cost of this perpetual hospitality was heavy, and Washington was constantly assisting army comrades in distress. With genuine grief he learned of the death, at 44, of Nathanael Greene, his ablest general. Writing a friend for an idea of the Greene family finances, he offered to rear one of the fatherless boys at Mount Vernon and educate him. Washington contributed \$100 a year to the education of a son of his physician.

Old soldiers and intimates addressed the master of Mount Vernon as "General," others—in writing at least—as "Your Excellency," a title probably given to no other American in private life. Washington was nearly 52 when he laid aside his uniform, and, though he carried his years well, the war had aged him. His brown hair was threaded with gray and he wore spectacles to read. Washington's voice was deep and low, and he spoke slowly. In company he kept conversation going by asking questions rather than by talking much himself. A visitor remembered him standing before a fireplace, with his hands behind his back, drawing out a circle of callers who came from various parts of the country. He made a striking figure—six feet, two inches tall, with shoulders as broad as a door and an erect, well-proportioned frame giving an impression of great physical strength. This was no illusion, for Washington could bend a horseshoe with his hands.

The beginning of 1787 saw the planter with his properties in order, though still in debt. Taxes (Continued on page 46)

MINDS *on* *the* MEND

By
**WILLIAM R.
McCAULEY**

MANKIND has come a long way in its treatment of the mentally disturbed since the time when these unfortunate members of society were thought to be bewitched. Having thrown off that particular notion, our ancestors of the early nineteenth century put lunatics, as they termed them, in great wooden dormitories behind barred windows and called it an Act of God when fire leveled the dormitories and wiped out the inmates.

The type of treatment given these benighted creatures in those days has come down to us in the word Bedlam, "where chains rattle upon human limbs, where the distressed scream, the unruly beat upon their solid wood doors, a place where indifference to suffering prevails."

We live in happier times, but despite the strides made in the past fifty years toward a better understanding of the problem there are still places in the United States where handcuffs, strait-jackets and straps are used in dealing with mental patients, and while wooden dormitories have given way to brick and steel and stone, bars still go over windows of skyscraper "insane asylums." Nearly all of the nation's mentally disabled veterans are being cared for in institutions of that type even today.

In Illinois, it is our proud boast, scores of buildings have been erected in the past twenty years at our state hospitals, and not a bar has been used on a single window or door. All of these buildings have been one-story high and without basements, so that patients can step out of doors when they want to and come in contact with the good earth at virtually any season of the year. The Department of Illinois of The American Legion is proud of the part it has had in assisting



They're weaving rugs now, these veteran patients in an Illinois mental hospital. Some of them will be getting back to the outside world one of these days

the State's forward-looking, humanitarian officials in the unfolding of this great work, for 1100 of our comrades are in these institutions and are getting the best care that modern science is able to provide. As part of its pioneering effort in this field the State has set up the 500-bed colonies for veterans at its hospitals in Elgin and Jacksonville. These colonies are small, self-contained hospitals where a modern plan of community hospitalization has been developed and which is now being extended through the State's entire mental hospital system, thus raising the standard of care for all the mentally ill. By the way, we shun the word insane in discussing this subject, and in Illinois a state hospital uniformly means a place where mental cases find haven.

Here in these one-story cottage type buildings of the veterans' colonies, buildings that receive a maximum amount of light and air, is the very finest of equipment, modern surgical service and infirmaries, up-to-the-minute cafeteria-style dining rooms—just about as fine a com-

bination of services as can be found anywhere. So far as we have been able to learn, in no other place in the world have comparable plants been set up for mental patients. In their way they represent a development that compares with Pinel's taking off the manacles from the insane at the Salpêtrière toward the end of the eighteenth century.

For many years we Legionnaires of Illinois have thought that the United States Government might set the example by utilizing state units of this style, thus providing a great forward step in doing away with the old fashioned many-storied "asylum" type with its barred windows and doors. In these days of backbreaking taxation the nation's citizens will be interested to know that the skyscraper hospitals cost from three to six thousand dollars per bed, while the Illinois monitor type costs approximately fifteen hundred dollars per bed. In addition, by utilization of the Illinois plan of hospitalization of the mentally disabled, savings of upwards of a dollar a



The famous Dr. Pinel striking manacles from the insane at Paris just before the dawn of the nineteenth century. The modern treatment of the mentally disturbed began right there

In the last eighteen years Congress has provided many thousands of beds but it can never hope to meet the demand for sufficient beds for care of the mentally disabled.

So Illinois, which had blazed the trail in 1847 by taking the care of its mentally sick away from the counties, making it a responsibility of the entire commonwealth, which a few years later had pioneered by making care of mental patients a hospital rather than a custodial affair, went ahead with the job of caring for its own World War veterans, even though we held and still

day may be effected in the over-all cost of treatment. We of Illinois do not fear comparison between the two types of institution from the standpoint of either economy or therapeutic effectiveness—in fact we invite it. We took it as a healthy sign of interest when outstanding psychiatrists (in a national medical journal) recently criticized treatment of mentally disabled veterans, intimating that such treatment was still, generally speaking, following methods in vogue years ago. The stand of these physicians may be debatable, but we appreciate the interest the medical world is taking in the problem—and invite these prominent psychiatrists to visit Illinois' model veterans' colonies, where perhaps they will learn that something has been and is being done.

It was the inability of the Government seventeen years ago to provide adequately for veterans suffering from mental disorders that caused Illinois

Legionnaires to appeal to the late Governor Small and the Legislature to provide facilities for treatment. The national Government, as unprepared for the care of incapacitated soldiers at the close of the war as it had been in April, 1917 to wage war, had absolutely no facilities for the care of mentally disturbed veterans, and was farming them out for haphazard, unstandardized treatment to all sorts of private contract "hospitals," many of them below the standards of even the most backward States. We Illinois veterans will not forget the contract hospital scandals of 1919-21, when up to \$35 per week was paid for "care" of veterans in what might be termed third-rate "hospitals," if one were charitable-minded.

The band at the state hospital in Jacksonville, Illinois. All but the leader and a very small percentage of the band are patients

hold that any man who served in the war and has subsequently become a mental case is entitled to care and treatment at the expense of the nation.

In 1922 the first building of the modern veterans' colonies was placed in operation at Elgin and a year later a building of similar construction was provided at Jacksonville, as a part of an institution which was the State's first "insane asylum," built in 1847. Last spring at Jacksonville was celebrated the final construction in the veterans' colony scheme as outlined years ago. More than a million dollars in buildings and equipment for veterans have been expended during the administrations of Henry Horner, the present Governor, as a part of his twenty-five-million-dollar program of expansion and modernization of our charitable and penal institutions, now nearing completion. His experiences as a probate judge in Chicago made him sympathetic toward the aims of the (Continued on page 50)



RELIEF

Now and—Always?

BY HERBERT F. GOODRICH

Dean, University of Pennsylvania Law School

PROBABLY you have never been on relief. Yet you may have been, for during these last eight years a great many people received help from public sources who never had done so before. The extent to which assistance was extended is startling to those of us who have thought of public aid in terms of the pathetic elderly men and women whom we have seen from time to time about the county poor farms.

In Pennsylvania in 1936 the number of people supported in whole or in part by public funds, federal, state, and local, was one to every five of the population of that great State. This, too, was after the depth of the depression had been passed, and excluding those in penal institutions and hospitals. Pennsylvania is now spending about five million dollars a month on unemployment relief, and old age and dependent mothers' assistance. The Federal Government spent four billion dollars on relief from April, 1935, through June, 1937, and a billion and a half has been appropriated for the current year.

Public assistance has thus become a matter of immense importance, both as to the huge number of people affected and the staggering amount of money involved. It costs money to every taxpayer, for with the necessity of providing the enormous sums necessary for relief funds, legislatures have searched far and wide for sources of revenue and unique indeed is the person or thing which has escaped. All of us who have a gainful occupation like to think of the late depression in the past tense. It was a horrid nightmare. Now that day has come and the sun is breaking through, it is pleasanter to put attention on other things. But the relief rolls continue to list a great many people. The question of relief is not one, therefore, which can be answered by saying it was just a part of the depression, now a thing of the past.

From whatever side one approaches the problem he meets trouble. Governor Earle of Pennsylvania has several times said that the matter of relief seems to be

unsatisfactory to everyone—those who are recipients do not feel that what they get is anywhere nearly adequate and those who pay the bills think that the cost is far too high. I do not pretend to have had a revelation of final truth on any phase of the problem. Like many other citizens, I served when asked in the organization for administering emergency relief; my job was that of chairman of the board for Philadelphia. For the past year and a half we have had a committee of citizens (all laymen to social work) engaged in a study of the problem of relief and assistance in Pennsylvania. At the Governor's request, I served as chairman of that committee. With the aid of a very competent and hard-working technical staff, we had before us the details of public relief in both our own State of Pennsylvania and elsewhere.

Out of the study came a recommendation for the maintenance and operation of a unified public assistance organization in Pennsylvania. This met with Governor Earle's approval and earnest support, as well as that of many groups of citizens throughout the State, and was enacted into law by the legislature, at its last session. What is said in this paper about relief is based upon the relatively brief but rather intense experience in the activities mentioned.

Public assistance will continue to be a problem of major importance for some time to come. That conclusion forces itself on any observer who records what he sees, rather than what he wants to see. "The poor have ye always with you," was true in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago; it is still true today. No one knows the actual number of the unemployed in the United States; estimates vary from that of the President of the United States Chamber of Commerce who places the number at between two and three million employables to that of

the American Federation of Labor which gives eight million as the figure. A census of the jobless was taken a short time ago, but just how the findings will be used is not known.

But if we do not know the total number of unemployed, we do know the numbers who apply from time to time for help.



We know, too, a great deal more about these people than just their number. Each applicant is investigated, his statements of fact corroborated so far as possible by the evidence of others, and the information obtained is kept up to date by frequent re-investigations.

This point is worth emphasis because it has been the source of occasional misunderstanding between the bill-paying public and the people administering relief. The overwhelming majority of our citizens is generous minded and sympathetic with those in need. But most of us aren't



We do not desire to mark those receiving public aid, as was done in colonial days

rich; we want public funds raised by taxation to help the needy to be spent for that purpose, and no other. The taxpayer naturally views with suspicion the spending of public money to maintain a large organization of paid workers to administer relief funds. Yet he obviously does not want his hard earned taxes wasted by handing them out to anybody who presents himself, with no questions asked. It is equally clear that if questions are to be asked and investigations made, the process will take time and effort from quite a number of people. They must be intelligent and experienced; they must make this a full time job. All this costs money, but it is money well spent if it secures for the taxpaying public assurance that public funds are not being wasted.

To get an outside check on the efficiency of our relief administration in Philadelphia we had an independent investi-

gation made. Money was contributed from private sources and a group employed who had no connection with the relief organization. Several hundred cases were picked at random from the files and all checked thoroughly, with a much greater expenditure of time on each case than the regular staff could spend. Some differences of opinion developed, of course. The outside investigators thought in some instances the amount of relief given was too much; in others they thought it too little.

These two groups of cases just about offset each other. The main point was that in only about two percent of the cases did these outside investigators conclude that the staff had been imposed upon in granting relief to undeserving persons. Ninety-eight percent efficiency is a high record for any undertaking, public or private, which deals with matters of human judgment not capable of mathe-

matical proof. I should not be so reckless as to claim 98 percent efficiency either for Philadelphia or for all relief administrations throughout the country. But I do think it fair to say that the technique developed and the people who have employed it have combined to produce an encouraging amount of efficiency in bestowing public aid.

The men and women who are engaged in relief work as a profession seem to me, as a disinterested outsider, to perform their tasks very well. Their approach to the problem of an applicant for help (whom they like to call a client) is impersonal but friendly, very much like that of a lawyer or doctor who is called upon to help a human being with a problem. Possibly they go a little too far sometimes in thinking in terms of the applicant's need, rather than that need in view of what it is possible to give from public funds. The situation finds analogy in a doctor's recommendation for a winter's vacation in the South to a patient who can barely make ends meet when in good health. The *(Continued on page 59)*

The LIFE and DEATH of Charles G. Clement

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

IN THE January issue of this magazine appeared the story of the tragic military career of the late Charles G. Clement as the facts were recalled by Ernesto Bisogno, a fellow private in Headquarters Company, 328th Infantry, 82d Division. Bisogno's story was incomplete and also contained certain errors of fact, but these were allowed to stand in view of the sterling sincerity of the narrator, and because the full story was soon to be told in these pages.

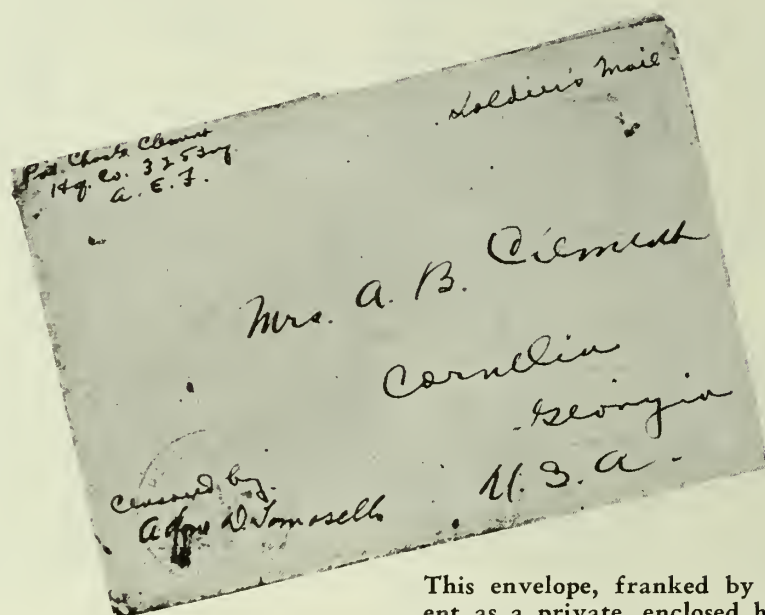
Because the editors believe that the Clement incident stands out as an epic of individual patriotism without parallel in the annals of the A. E. F., every effort has been made to secure the complete and accurate facts in this unprecedented case.

This first instalment presents the reasons for the apparent paradox of a conscientious company commander of high ideals, through a single illogical act bringing upon himself humiliation and disgrace. The second instalment will tell how Clement, stripped of his officer's rank, asked for the chance to redeem his honor in the uniform of a private, and how he did so fully by repeated acts of gallantry, making final atonement in death on the battlefield.

IN a plain cabin bungalow atop one of the rolling hills of the north Georgia apple belt struggle for a simple livelihood today a lovely old couple. The man is a retired Baptist preacher, sometime a pioneer in the West, but for many years a Georgia farmer. Seams of a lifetime of toil mark his classical features. A once tall, erect body is bowed with the weight of almost eighty years, yet he remains a friendly, if talkative, old man.

Still actively keeping house despite advanced years is his life-long mate, the finest little woman, and beyond doubt the sweetest, in all Habersham County. Her shoulders remain as erect as a soldier's for the not more than four foot ten of her height. Behind grandmotherly spectacles, animated, lively brown eyes greet callers with friendly hospitality.

On a rough wall of the sitting room hangs a picture of a square-jawed, alert-eyed youth wearing the bars of a captain of infantry, circa 1917, which suffers



This envelope, franked by Clement as a private, enclosed his last letter, addressed to his mother

artistically from having been enlarged on tin from a photograph, and with color effects quite badly done. It is a picture of their third son, Charlie, who did not come home from the war overseas.

But three other sons still live. The old folks become most enthusiastic when they speak of their next oldest boy, who, a chief petty officer in the Navy during the war, is now a prominent lawyer in San Francisco. The eldest son, married before America entered the war, occupies an adjoining apple ranch. The youngest boy, too young to have volunteered in 1917, subsequently enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, where he saw service in Nicaragua, but now he is home dutifully working the farm and caring for his parents in their advanced years.

It is a fine family in the tradition of those humble, hard-working, religious folk who are the backbone of the nation, this family of Andrew B. Clement of Cornelia, Georgia.

One day in late September, 1918, distressing news came to the hilltop cabin in a letter from France marked "Soldier's Mail." All previous letters from Charles

had been marked "Officer's Mail." A slip of paper in a strange hand fell out when the letter was opened.

"Do not worry," the unsigned note read, "your boy will get a fair and square chance." What could that mean?

Light on the cryptic but friendly insertion was shed by the contents of the letter. He had, wrote Charles, been courtmartialed, convicted and dismissed the service for getting drunk on duty. Incredible! Charles in trouble through drink? They had never known him to touch liquor. Always had he been dutiful, obedient, clean-living. Out West as a boy he had done a man's work with his father and brothers, literally from daylight to dark. At school and at Mercer College he had been no less industrious, winning honors, conspicuous in debate.

So well had he succeeded as a high-school teacher at Americus, Georgia, for four years following his graduation, that he had been called to Atlanta as professor of English at the Boys' High School, where he was completing his first year when he answered the call for candidates for commissions at the First Officers'



Captain Charles G. Clement, photographed soon after receiving his commission and just prior to his departure for overseas. At right, the friendly anonymous note which was enclosed with Clement's letter to his mother following the loss of his commission

Training Camp at nearby Fort McPherson.

Yes, the bad news was thoroughly, completely incredible, yet Charles, in the letter they held between them, said it was so. He had drunk because he was tired, he wrote. He had tipped the bottle in the darkness of a dugout and did not know how much liquor he was taking. He advanced no other excuse. He indulged in no self-pity. But thank God he had been allowed to enlist in the same regiment he had dishonored, he added, stating, "I hope to be either buried in France or to be completely redeemed in the eyes of my own country."

Some months later—official notices of death invariably were delayed by the War Department—Andrew B. Clement was notified that his son had been killed in action. Eventually the diary of Charles

G. Clement, together with a few personal belongings, reached the Georgia home.

In the years which have intervened it cannot be said that sorrow has hung heavy over the Clement home by reason of Charles's court-martial and the loss of his captain's bars. There has been sorrow over his death, but it is the normal sorrow tinged with pride for the loss of a patriotic son who gave his life for his country's cause. A regimental citation for gallantry records

in part the heroic service the youth rendered before his end. The letter which accompanied it stated that the regimental citation was not to be confused with a recommendation for the Distinguished Service Cross, which also had gone forward. A third letter of consolation, signed by Brigadier General J. R. Lindsey, commanding the 164th Infantry Brigade, states, "He was an excellent soldier and his courageous conduct was a splendid example for his fellow soldiers."

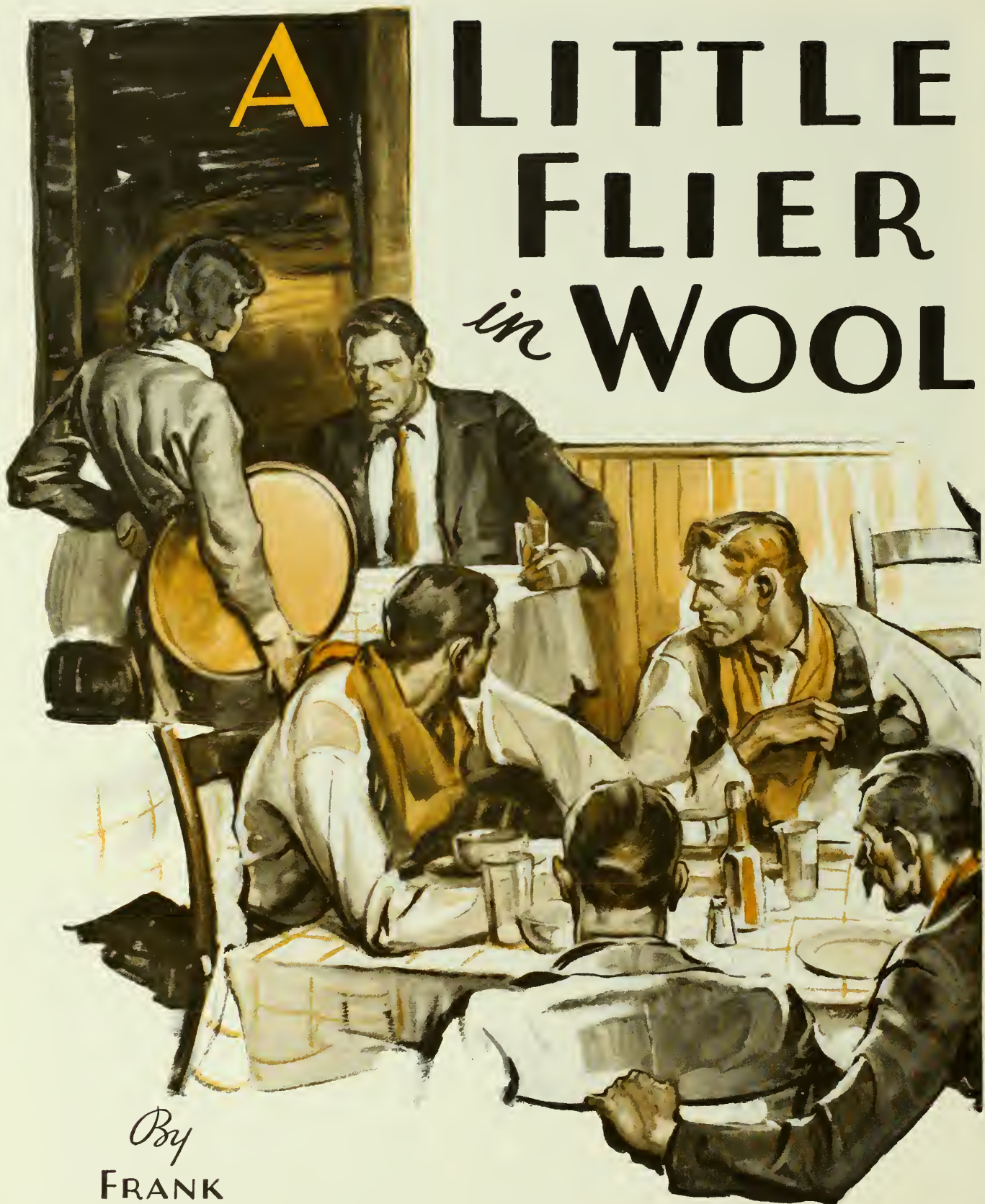
Such letters are consoling, but the aged parents and brothers of Charles G. Clement have yet to learn the complete story of the disgrace and redemption of a noble son and brother.

The case of Charles G. Clement is fully understood only if one goes back to his boyhood, for his upbringing and environment shaped his character. Introspective entries in the diary he kept after his disgrace revealed to his former associates light on his character which they had never before comprehended.

Andrew Clement, the father, a devout backwoods preacher before failing health forced him to migrate to Colorado from the supervision of three tiny churches in the Carolinas, was an exacting family disciplinarian of fervent religious character. Charles was still in short pants when father, mother and three sons debouched from the cinders of a day-coach in the Colorado wilderness with the Clement worldly possessions besides the clothes on their backs represented by ten dollars' worth of fruit seeds and \$8.75 in cash.

Until he was old enough to do hard manual work, Charles's contribution to the family was hunting prairie chickens and other small game for the table. Still a mere boy, he (Continued on page 48)

*Don't worry about
your son - he will
not want for
anything - he will
get a fair & square
chance -*



A

LITTLE FLIER *in* WOOL

By

FRANK

B. LINDERMAN

"YOU'LL have to get off here!" The tall conductor's voice was gruff; and the burly brakeman was looking.

Shook had been expecting this; and yet, now that it had come, the engine's prolonged whistle and the grinding of

brakes was disconcerting. The train shot past a long string of empty cattle-cars, wisps of black coal-smoke mottled with blotches of white steam flashing by the windows; and then, "Malta! Malta!" the brakeman called, opening the car's door for Shook to get out, at five o'clock in the morning.

Nobody else got off the train. The endless surrounding plains, already dried by

The blue eyes of the men leveled at Shook were disturbingly cold

the summer sun, were yellow in the gray light, and oppressively silent, the single business street of the cow-town utterly deserted. Tearing his eyes from the red lights of the receding train Shook ap-

Suddenly life came to its deserted street. A bare-headed man in shirt-sleeves trotted from the depot to the Great Northern Hotel across the way, a yellow telegram in his hand; and just as he entered its door a drunken cowboy reined his horse around its corner to empty his six-shooter at a white cat that raced for shelter among the stock-cars, her tail nearly as large as her body.

Following the telegraph operator into the lobby Shook registered, writing "Calbert Shook, Boston, Mass.," without hesitation. Boston was far from Malta. The clerk could not know that Shook had never been there.

"American or European plan?" he asked, pretending nonchalance as he handed back the pen.

"American," the clerk replied, to Shook's great relief. Thank goodness he could eat until they kicked him out. But he must put on a good front until he could find a way out of his difficulties.

"I'll show you to your room now, Mr. Shook. Breakfast will be ready at six," the clerk said, before calling to a sleepy-eyed porter who had ambled into the lobby from the bar-room. "Here," he commanded, shoving the yellow telegram across the desk to the porter, "take this up to Bill's house, not his office. And hurry, Tom. The operator said the wire was important." Shook saw that the yellow envelope was addressed to "The County Sheriff."

"Now, Mr. Shook," the clerk smiled, picking up his guest's tiny bag and leading the way to the stairs.

"Just a moment, please," Shook said, sitting down at a desk across the room to scribble hastily before addressing two hotel envelopes to two fictitious banks in Boston. Stamping them he handed the envelopes to the clerk. "When will these go out?" he asked, glancing up at the clock on the wall above the desk.

The clerk read the addresses, both of them, as Shook had hoped. "Not until eight this evening," the clerk replied, evidently impressed. And then he gave Shook a front, corner room on the second floor, one of the best in the house.

Shook washed and shaved; and then hungry as a bear went down to the dining room, happy in the thought that the Great Northern Hotel was on the American plan. Five sunburned men were seated at a table near the door, their five wide-brimmed Stetsons hanging on hooks just back of them. Shook felt their quick interest in him upon entering the dining room. Their animated conversation suddenly dropped to whisperings; and while the waitress was serving Shook's breakfast one of them got up from the table, going out to the lobby. Shook saw him scrutinize the register there, knew that he whispered to the clerk, and saw them both glance covertly

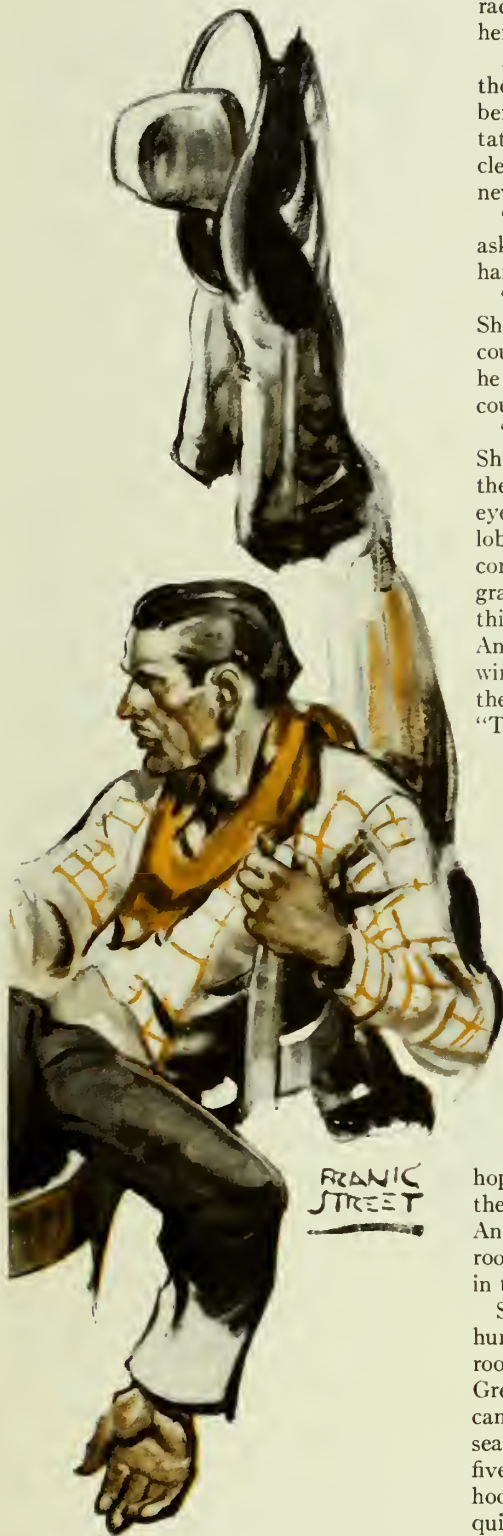
at him in the dining room. When the man returned to the table he merely nodded affirmatively to his companions, as though he had definitely settled a controversy, and now, leveled at Shook, the blue eyes of the five were disturbingly cold.

Puzzled, and a little frightened, he could scarcely eat his breakfast; and then, like the kick of a mule, the yellow telegram came to his mind, the telegram addressed to "The County Sheriff." He had it now. The five sunburned men were a sheriff and his posse. They were out to get him; and he guessed the reason. He had leased an abandoned mine in the famous Marysville district, working with too little capital to unwater the property. His foreman, knowing that Shook had been gambling in Helena, and fearing that his funds were low, had forced his employer, under the threat that the miners would hang him if he refused, to make out and sign a check to him covering the monthly payroll, as well as all bills due the merchants in Marysville, promising to settle with everybody.

The check, nearly six thousand dollars, had left Shook but fifty dollars; and with this in his pocket he had hastily, and now he thought foolishly, quit the district, catching the east-bound train at Silver, with only a small grip. What a fool he had been to give his foreman the check! Probably the foreman had not kept his promise to pay the miners and merchants. He had likely cashed the check, keeping the money himself. Now the angered miners and merchants had invoked the law; and what could Shook do?

The five men had filed out of the dining room by the time he had finished his breakfast. He fully expected to be arrested and taken to jail when he stepped into the lobby. But, excepting a new clerk at the desk, the lobby was empty. Unable to understand this respite, and yet greatly relieved by it, he hastily addressed another envelope to an imaginary bank in Boston, handing it to the new clerk. Then out he went to scurry about the town, going into stores and hurrying out again, pretending to be busy as a bee all the morning.

AT NOON the five men sat at the same table which they had occupied at breakfast; and they had been joined by another, a big, blue-eyed fellow whose immediate interest in Shook was even more embarrassing than the stare of his companions who, Shook thought, were waiting for the big fellow's identification of him. Had he ever seen the big fellow? No; and yet he wondered if, until now, the big fellow had ever seen him. Presently several men, evidently easterners, entered the dining room, bowing politely to the six westerners as they filed past their table. The westerners nodded in return, but so coldly that Shook felt the chill himself. The six blue-eyed men, probably western officers of the law, were an unfriendly lot. Shook wished that he



praised Malta as a beggar might appraise opulence. He was flat broke. A poker game on the train had cleaned him, even of his scarf-pin, before he had paid his fare beyond Chinook and now the conductor had put him off at this sleepy town.

were safely out of Malta, feeling relief upon reaching the street again.

He ate his supper as soon as the dining room door opened, going straight to his room afterward to avoid meeting the six men of the law. The windows, two of them, were wide open. Not a breath of air was stirring. The room was stifling. Nevertheless he undressed and lay down on top of the bed, the strange actions of the six westerners tormenting him. They must be waiting for certain identification, he felt sure. If only he had the canceled check which he had given his foreman all would be well; but he did not have it. Marysville was a long distance from Malta; and even if he had the money for railroad fare he would not dare to go back there now. What could he do?

Every step in the hall outside made him sit up, listening for a knock on his door. By ten o'clock the lights began to go out up and down Main Street, so that little by little his room grew darker and more stifling. A train roared in, and went out again, its bell jingling noisily; and then the hotel became so quiet that he could hear the porter sweeping the lobby downstairs. Turning over for another try at sleeping he heard two men talking beneath his window on the side street, their voices low, and confidential. He distinctly heard his name spoken, and then, "Boston."

Not yet twenty-one, panic seized him; and yet by sheer force of will he dragged himself from the bed to look down at the talking men in the shadows. They were two of the six officers, one of them being the big fellow. Shook could tell this by his hat. The train had probably brought them their needed confirmation. Now they would arrest him. He was glad of the darkness.

Kneeling beside the window, his head outside, he heard the big fellow say, "He's playin' a lone hand, an' I'm goin' to jump him in the mornin'."

"Goin' to ask him to bid?" the other asked, lighting a cigarette.

"Nope. Goin' to offer him my clip at nineteen cents. The others are bidding eighteen. I'm willing to sacrifice a little to bust up their combination. But I'll be damned if I'll take less than nineteen, not a cent less," the big fellow declared, positively. And then there followed a long talk about the iniquities of wool-buyers, particularly the *Boston* wool-buyers who were now in Malta. They had formed a combination, or so these two believed.

Shook understood it all now. His fake letters to Boston had established him as a wool-buyer. The two men beneath his window, and the four other westerners, were sheepmen; the easterners who had met with the cool reception in the dining room were legitimate Boston wool-buyers; and perhaps they had combined, set a price on the wool of this section. In his relief Shook could have shouted for joy.

He would let these sheepmen go on believing that he was a Boston wool-buyer. This would help him with the hotel people until something turned up. But he'd be noncommittal when the big fellow "jumped" him in the morning.

He was shaving when the big fellow rapped on his door. "Come in!" Shook called, feeling a little skittish, nevertheless.

"Mornin', Mr. Shook," the fellow greeted, his wide hat in his hand. "My name's Phelps, Bill Phelps," he told Shook, with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Have a chair, Mr. Phelps," Shook offered, one side of his face lathered. "I'll be through with this job in a jiffy."

"Take yer time. I can tell you my business mighty quick. I'm here to offer you my clip for nineteen cents; and it's a good buy at twenty-three," the man said, rolling a cigarette.

Shook did some fast thinking while he finished shaving. If he told Phelps that he was not a wool-buyer he'd loose caste with the hotel people. He'd have to play the game—somehow. He knew Mr. Phelps' price, had heard him declare that he would not accept less than nineteen cents for his wool. If he bid but eighteen cents, Phelps would not only class him with the combined wool-buyers, but his bid would be certain to cause the wool-buyers to make his acquaintance. This would mean quick exposure; so he said, "I'll give you eighteen and one-half cents, Mr. Phelps."

"Sold," said Phelps, so suddenly that Shook gasped. "It'll break this dirty combination, anyway," he added.



Shook's head whirled. "How much wool have you got?" he asked, as though it mattered.

"'Bout seventy thousand pounds. I 'spose you'll make the usual down-payment of ten percent, Mr. Shook?" Phelps said, while Shook's dazed mind tried to multiply seventy thousand by eighteen and one-half. It proved too much for him.

"Not until I have seen the wool," Shook told him, hoping—he didn't know what.

"Sure! Sure! Get yer breakfast, Mr.

Shook. I'll be here for you by the time you've finished eating. I'll show you the wool," he said; and out he went, leaving Shook in a funk.

When he finally pulled himself together and went downstairs the clerk smiled, and nodded approvingly. But in the dining room the easterners, the real wool-buyers, frowned at him. The news of his purchase had evidently spread. Bolting his breakfast, he climbed into a buck-board beside Bill Phelps. "Come, boys," Phelps said, flicking the horses with the tip of his whip; and they were off in the cool of the morning, heading out onto the empty plains.

"He'll probably kill me if I tell him I'm an impostor," Shook thought, and yet he was determined to make a clean breast of the whole thing. "Mr. Phelps," he began—

"Like hosses?" Phelps interrupted, eagerly.

"Yes," Shook said, half-glad that Phelps had stopped his confession. And then the sheepman began to talk about a horse he had at the ranch, a thoroughbred, rambling on and on while the team trotted uphill and down again, their smooth flanks shining with perspiration.

Oh, but it was hot! The sun seemed to make the grass sizzle; and there wasn't a thing in sight, not even a cow. Bill Phelps talked fondly of his wife and children, said that this year's clip of wool would clear him of debt, told story after story of buffalo hunting on these very plains, of mining gold in the Little Rockies, of his settling down on a sheep ranch without a cent to his name, of his struggles, and of his success, until the sun was not far from the knoll-tops. "See yonder ridge?" he said, suddenly, pointing with his whip. "Well, when we top that, you'll see the ranch. Come, boys."

Shook will always remember the ranch as he saw it from the top of that sunburned ridge on the vast Montana plains, a tiny valley in the rolling hills. He thought that the white house, the green yard, the tall Lombardy poplars, and the bright blossoms, all enclosed by a white picket fence, must have been the work of supernatural hands, done just there to shame the inhospitable surroundings. A wind-mill was turning lazily in the gentlest of breezes that brought the odor of sheep, spoiling the picture by reminding Shook of the wool he had bought.

Mrs. Phelps, carrying a baby girl of two years, and a little boy of five, followed by three lambs, and two bob-tailed shepherd dogs, met them at the gate, all so glad to see them that Shook wished himself dead and decently buried. And what supper they had! Everything neat as a pin; delicious fried spring-chickens, fresh vegetables, wild plum preserves, and cake. The dishes done, Mrs. Phelps, an attractive woman in the middle thirties, played the *(Continued on page 54)*

AGES and WAGES

THE American Legion has swung into action on the employment front. Its National Employment Committee is meeting in Washington to determine the extent of the problem and to discuss ways of meeting it. The National Field Service of the Legion, by vote of the National Executive Committee, has been made available for use by both the Employment Committee and the Veterans' Preference Committee. And behind this effective setup are eleven thousand posts whose members are familiar with conditions in their own communities, and who have behind them the experience of previous unemployment waves.

No organization in America is better equipped to meet the situation. Readers of these pages will recall the superb work performed by Legion posts during the 1932 crisis, the details of which were carried from month to month—practical plans which were clear-cut bread-and-butter benefit to hundreds of communities. These posts were competing for The American Legion Monthly's Employment Award, a handsome bronze by Legionnaire Robert Aitken, N.A., which was won by William T. McCoy Post of Rochester, Minnesota.

Now the Legion fully appreciates that

any local effort it puts forth is a palliative, not a cure. No one knows better than the Legionnaire that the employment problem is national in scope, local in its effects. It is the difference, as every soldier knows, between strategy and tactics. The Legion knows a little something about both.

Already the Legion's constructive airing of the middle-life employment problem has given that problem a publicity impetus that has re-echoed up and down the land. It is significant that in this issue The American Legion Magazine presents Henry Ford's views on this identical problem. Every Legionnaire, like every other American, has a right to his own opinion regarding the labor situation that has developed at the Ford plant. In that situation the Legion and this Magazine have no part—the New York National Convention last September reaffirmed the Legion's traditional policy of strict neutrality in such matters.

The American Legion has met and surmounted two major employment crises. It will profit by its experiences in tackling the third. It realizes that the problem of the middle-aged worker is more than a Legion problem. It is an all-American problem. That makes it in even greater degree a lively Legion concern.

"OUR GREATEST WAR SECRETARY"

Following the death of Newton Diehl Baker on Christmas Day, the editors of The American Legion Magazine asked General John J. Pershing for a brief statement on the passing of the wartime Secretary of War. Here is General Pershing's reply:

NEWTON BAKER was a man of pleasing personality; though small and rather frail, he was an intellectual giant. His mind was keen and clear, and his judgment sound. Though modest and unassuming, he was a positive character and capable of bold decisions. Almost his first act upon becoming Secretary of War was to dispatch an expedition to punish Mexican bandits who in March, 1916, had raided Columbus, New Mexico. He then mobilized the

National Guard on the frontier, which probably prevented war with Mexico. But it was the World War that tested Mr. Baker's ability. Confronted with the nation's lack of preparation, his problem was to raise armies, train them, provide equipment, artillery, aviation and sea transport. History records his amazing success. Newton Baker will go down as a great citizen, but he will be especially remembered as our greatest War Secretary.

JOHN J. PERSHING



They've GOT to

PROFESSIONAL hockey players never know when they've had enough. Doctors who more or less specialize in setting their bones and sewing their cuts tell of men who have played out games with smashed jaws and fractured wrists and broken collarbones. They tell of one man who played on with a severed artery until a considerable portion of the hockey ice was red with blood.

The game, according to the doctors, is as tough as it looks. Ears have been batted clean off by hockey sticks, skulls have been fractured, leg ligaments have been severed, feet have been cut almost through at the instep, many an ankle has been broken and thrown out of joint at the same time.

Yet players stay in the big money longer in hockey than in any comparable sport. Red Dutton, now the fiery manager of the New York Americans and until last year one of the most active players on the ice, received a fairish charge of shrapnel through the seat of his Princess Pat uniform during the World War. He spent fourteen months in hospital while they eased twenty-four pieces of shrapnel out of him, but he hasn't quieted down since. He was in the thick of almost every game on his team's schedule through the season of 1936-'37.

It looks like deliberate assault, but the stick isn't going to hit the stretched-out goalie. It's going to whack up against the puck

Bullet Joe Simpson won his nickname by stopping bullets in France. He played big league hockey for about sixteen years after the Armistice. A bursting shell destroyed the hearing of Rabbit McVeigh when he was with the Sixteenth Canadian Highlanders but he was still doing fine as a hockey player through the middle 1930's. Bill Brydge saw a large part of the War from the front lines, and Bill Cook, who hung up his skates last year, fought in France and against the Bolsheviks in Russia.

One of the liveliest illustrations for the thesis that hockey players never know when they have had enough is big Ching Johnson—also known as Ivan the Terrible, the Chinaman, and the Bald Eagle. Johnson was gassed in Flanders but to no great effect. At this writing he is still a crowd favorite and one of the most powerful defense men, or "hoisters," on Red Dutton's Americans. This is his first year with this team. For years and years he was a stand-out with the other New York team, the Rangers.

Johnson has played hockey with a

broken wrist (steel braced), a broken jaw (braced and cradled), a broken shin bone (steel protected and braced), and a blood-poisoned leg.

He is one doctor's candidate for the title of most battered man in hockey. Skates, hockey sticks, the ice and arena boards have been leaving their marks on Johnson for twenty years.

Perhaps the most widely known of all true hockey yarns is the story about Johnson's jaw. One night during a game in Madison Square Garden, an opponent slugged Ching in the jaw with the butt end of a stick. Ching played out the game, went to the dressing room, took a shower, and dressed.

"When I put on my collar," he says now, "I noticed there was something wrong. My chin got in the way like it was trying to slide down into the collar."

He walked across the street to Poly-clinic Hospital, where a doctor examined him and told him that his jaw was broken in three places. A steel and leather brace was fashioned and before the season was over Ching was back in the lineup.

It was another Johnson, a fellow nicknamed "Moose," who took a similar slug in the jaw one night and found that his upper teeth had bitten so deeply into his tongue that the tongue wouldn't come

By ROBERT VAN GELDER

loose from them for a few minutes. But he knew he was hurt.

Newsy Lalonde, one of the larger-than-life figures for hockey legend, is the fellow who played with a severed artery. He had lost a lot of blood before he realized that anything was wrong. An official at the game stuck two fingers into the hole in Lalonde's leg from which the blood was spurting and kept the fingers there while Newsy was being carried to a hospital, thus lessening the loss of blood.

A milder parallel happening was witnessed on the hockey ice this season when Lorne Carr, a high-scoring forward, fell in mid-ice and brought two men down with him. When he got up about three inches of the right side of his face had been semi-detached by a razor-sharp skate, and the injured flesh flapped against his jaw line. Carr knew that his face had been scraped but he paid no attention to that. He stood, waiting alertly for play to resume. But a woman spectator shrieked and fainted and Carr was tipped off that he needed a doctor.

Cuts such as Carr's are stitched at once

and the players swear that in most instances they feel no immediate pain. Doctors back them up in this, explaining that when a gash is stitched within a few minutes after it is inflicted the nerve ends of the injured area are still deadened by the blow that caused the cut. No anaesthetic is used and players sometimes take eight or ten stitches without a murmur. There are no sissies or whoopsies in pro-hockey uniform.

The speed of the game, the intense concentration that big-time hockey requires, also help to explain this apparent lack of normal feeling. The records of Dr. Vincent A. Nardiello, team doctor for the New York Americans, give some idea of how much the players put into a game.

These records show that a pro hockey forward loses from four to five pounds in weight every game he plays, and that his

**You've got to be able to take it
and to dish it out in hockey, all
the time. Free-for-alls like this
are seen every night**

pulse rate seldom drops below 150 while he is on the ice. The normal pulse beat is seventy to seventy-four per minute. Dr. Nardiello wants to make urine tests to find out what effect all this burning-up of energy has on the body chemistry. But the players are inclined to resist the advancement of science in this particular. They are too keyed up before a game to take much interest in the doctor's experiments, and after a game, win or lose, they don't want to be bothered.

The hockey rules were drawn up with every expectation of trouble. Hockey is one of the few team sports that penalize but do not permanently banish a player who openly goes to work on an opponent with his fists. Free-for-all fights are fairly common on the ice but, as the players explain, the fights look more serious than they are. Even the mightiest slugger can do little damage to a worthy opponent when he must stand on skates while he slugs. With all the will in the world you can't stand on skates on a smooth surface and put much power in a punch.

The fist fights (Continued on page 44)

be TOUGH



SPEAKING OF VALENTINES

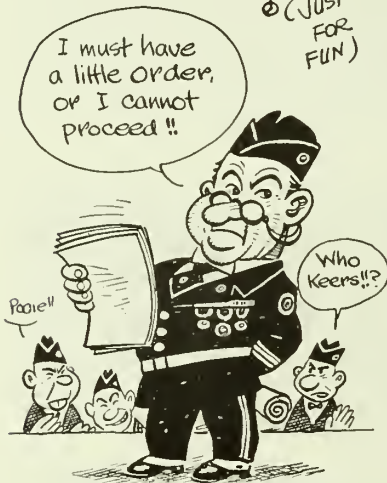
Of Course There Are None of These in Your Post

By Wallgren

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF THOSE WHO WOULD LIKE TO SEND A FEW VALENTINES TO THEIR "FRIENDS" THIS YEAR WE HAVE PREPARED THIS PAGE OF "DUDS."

IN CASE YOU DO, YOU'LL KNOW WHICH ONES TO SEND TO WHOM—THERE'S AT LEAST ONE OF EACH IN EVERY POST. —W.A.G.—37

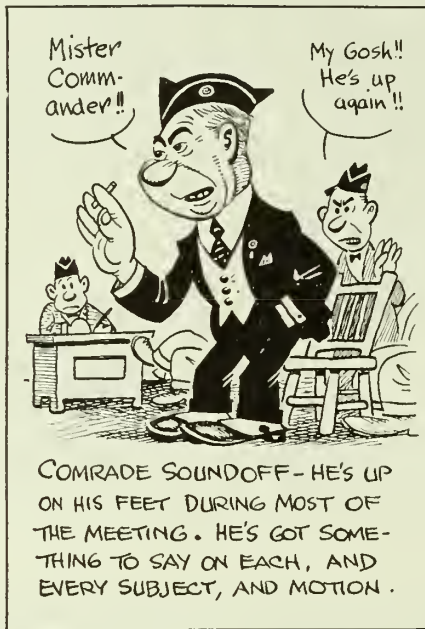
(JUST FOR FUN)



COMRADE POMPOUS—WHO ALWAYS DEMANDS YOUR FULL, AND UNDIVIDED ATTENTION—AND THEN PROCEEDS TO ORATE YOU INTO A STUPOR.



COMRADE SQUAWKER—HE BELLY-ACHES ABOUT EVERYTHING, AND EVERYBODY—AND "THREATENS" TO RESIGN EVERY TIME HE'S REMINDED HE'S DELINQUENT IN DUES—WHICH HE USUALLY IS.



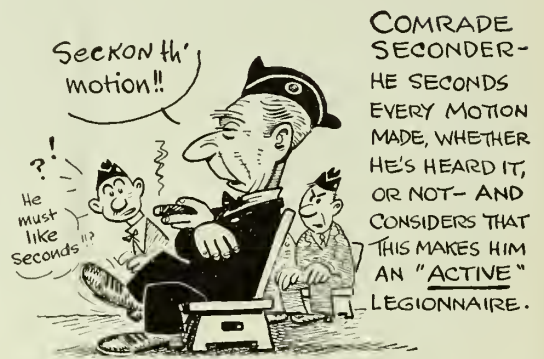
COMRADE SOUNDOFF—HE'S UP ON HIS FEET DURING MOST OF THE MEETING. HE'S GOT SOMETHING TO SAY ON EACH, AND EVERY SUBJECT, AND MOTION.



COMRADE WORRIER—(USUALLY A COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN)—ALWAYS IN A FRET, AFRAID THAT SOMETHING'S LIABLE TO GO WRONG AND UPSET ALL HIS WELL-LAID PLANS.



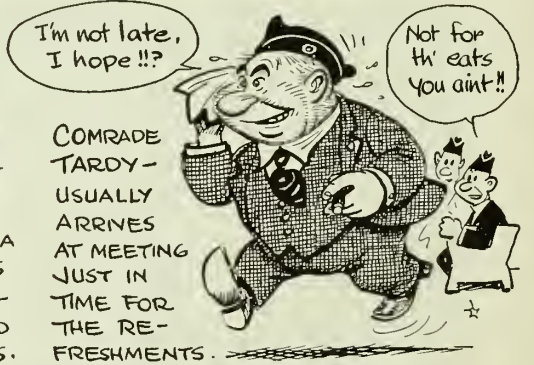
COMRADE WHISPERER—HE'S ALWAYS GOT MARVELOUS SUGGESTIONS—FOR SOMEBODY ELSE TO OFFER. HE'S AFRAID TO GET ON HIS FEET AND MAKE A MOTION HIMSELF—OR EVEN TO SECOND ONE.



COMRADE SECONDER—HE SECONDS EVERY MOTION MADE, WHETHER HE'S HEARD IT, OR NOT—AND CONSIDERS THAT THIS MAKES HIM AN "ACTIVE" LEGIONNAIRE.



COMRADE EX.—BECAUSE HE ONCE HELD OFFICE HE CONSIDERS HE'S DONE HIS BIT—FOR ALL TIME.



COMRADE TARDY—USUALLY ARRIVES AT MEETING JUST IN TIME FOR THE REFRESHMENTS.

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



cover down in Georgia. It read:

SUNSET TOURIST CAMP
NO IMMORTALITY ALLOWED

FROM I. A. Jennings, of Phoenix, Arizona, comes a yarn about Comrades Charles Crush, of Virginia, and Joe Milloy, of Washington, D. C. On the recent Legion European Pilgrimage they were billeted together in Paris. One morning Milloy was complaining about his inability to make a hotel operator understand he wanted a suit cleaned and pressed.

"Oh, let me handle it," said Crush. "I know the lingo."

He then took the phone and explained in his best French all about how his buddy wanted his suit fixed up.

Fifteen minutes later a waiter brought breakfast for two.

FRANK GAVIN, long time adjutant of Chicago's Marine Post, was working on a speech to be used in making the presentation of prizes to some Boy Scouts. He labored for many hours on the speech but couldn't get it to jell. Now Frank has a son who had received some prizes in the R.O.T.C., so he said to his son:

"I've got to make some awards to some Boy Scouts tonight. What sort of speech would boys that age like best?"

"Why, Dad, that's easy," he replied. "Just take the award in your hand, shove it toward the winner, and say: 'Here!'"



being shown. Finally:

"If I buy, one thing will have to be done."

"What?" asked the salesman.

"All the doors and the front gate will have to be re-hung so they will open outwardly, on account of my wife."

"Is your wife superstitious, or something?"

"No, but she's temperamental, and when her temper starts to rise, I want a clear break for the open."

LEGIONNAIRE M. L. Leacock, of Detroit, tells about serving on a committee judging a number of eighth-grade essays on the Constitution. In the paper of a little girl he found this enlightening information:

"The Constitution admits women to vote, and everyone usually has a choice of two men."

And there's the one about the mother who said to her daughter:

"I understand the young man who brought you home is a composer."

"I'll say he is," replied the daughter. "He's been making overtures to me ever since I met him."

FRANK D. GRIST, of Meech Stewart Post, York, South Carolina, says that while going to the Veterans Administration in Charlotte, North Carolina, he encountered an old acquaintance.

"Where are you going?" asked the acquaintance.

"Over to the Veterans Administration," he replied.

"Um-m, er, I didn't know you were a veterinarian."



LEGIONNAIRE L. C. Runyen, of Osceola, Missouri, tells of an experience when he was in France. He and some of his buddies were dug in in an area undergoing heavy shell fire. One shell made a direct hit on a nearby foxhole, whereupon one of his buddies exclaimed:

"My Golly! That shell hit in Haner's hole!"

Just then a panting voice spoke up from behind, saying:

"But, by golly, Haner wasn't home!"

JOHN C. VIVIAN, for many years active in national rehabilitation work, writes us from out in Denver about two mental cases on liberty from a psychopathic hospital. They visited a soda fountain in the neighboring town. The soda jerker looked at them with dismay while awaiting their order.

"I'll have a chocolate ice cream soda," said the first.

"I'll have a soda without flavor," interjected the other.

"What flavor will you have it without?" queried the soda man.

"I'll have it without strawberry."

"We're just out of strawberry. Wouldn't you just as soon have it without pineapple?"



THEN there's the one about a dough-boy getting his baptism of shellfire. In the midst of the bombardment, he turned to a buddy and said:

"This war's all cockeyed."

"Why—what you mean?"

"Back home my dad kills a beef with a twenty-two rifle and over here they shoot a sixteen-inch shell at a man."

VICE COMMANDER I. Siegeltuch, of Middle Village Post, New York, writes about his buddy who married a former yeomanette and then came to the next Legion meeting telling the world that he now knew why it had been said, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

COMRADE Tom Arnold of Mt. Enterprise (Texas) Post sends a story about a colored boy who had just returned from a hitch-hiking trip. He was being admonished by his father, who told him that hoboing would lead him into bad company and straight to the devil.

"No, suh," he replied. "It's made me religious."

"What do you mean, made you religious?"

"It's this way; I asked a travelin' gemmen to lemme ride to Henderson with him, an' he said climb in. I climbed in, and de gemmen says 'Is yo' ready,' an' I says 'I's ready.' Den he stepped on de gas. Before Gawd, we's goin' ninety mile an hour in no time, before I could open my mouf."

"Mistah," I said. 'I wants out.'

"'Out hell, you said you's ready, didn't you?' An' I says 'Yassuh, but not ready to die.'"

"Well, that's what I meant," he said. An right dar is where I went down on my knecs an' got religion!"



ABOUT five in the morning the good wife was awakened by a pounding on the front door. She went to the window and called:

"What's the matter?"

"I've got Ben," a voice replied. "He's drunk again."

"Are you sure?"

"No, I'm not positive, but he's been carrying a manhole cover around for the past two hours and swears he's going to play it on the phonograph."

FISHING *for* BICYCLES



IT'S a safe bet that but a very few out of any given number of Legionnaires, even at their present age when they are approaching middle life, would pass up a chance to go fishing. That is, to indulge in real fishing in a favored place where fish are to be taken and wardens are not too inquisitive about the size and kind of the catch. Memories of youth when, with hook, line and a pole cut from a convenient thicket, the boy took marvelous catches of sunfish, perch, bass and other small fish, will overpower the man. He will quickly feel a nostalgic urge, then hie forth equipped with rod, reel, flies, spinners and other gadgets and doodads to try his skill again. And it will be ever thus, on into old age until his doddering chin touches the tip of his nose. It's the lure of fishing, the pleasure of pursuit and the thrill of landing a fine, fighting specimen.

Over a great many years The American Legion, in its several Posts and Departments, has held the interest of hundreds of thousands of youngsters each year through the medium of a varied youth activity program. Baseball has held first place because of its almost universal appeal to American youth; the soap box derbies have been participated in by thousands, other programs by the dozens have been sponsored by the Legion. But out in Port Angeles, Washington, the members of Walter Akeley Post have hearkened to the call of youth and have successfully staged a fishing derby—they have perhaps given to the National Or-



ganization a new popular youth activity.

The Junior Salmon Derby is an annual event, when the youth of the section are sent down to the sea in ships for salmon and for bicycles. It is a plan well worth passing on. William D. Welsh, a Past Commander of the Department of Washington, tells us about the derby and its operation:

"It is one minute to the zero hour on the morning of September 12th. One thousand young people, boys and girls, are assembled on a long neck of land known as Ediz Hook at Port Angeles, Washington, nervously awaiting the signal to go forward.

"Lines have been strung. The signal has been agreed upon.

"'Boom' goes an aerial bomb! Under the first streaks of dawn the army of young fishermen move forward. They are to vie with each other for the largest salmon or other fish taken from Port Angeles harbor and Juan de Fuca Strait in the annual Junior Salmon Derby sponsored by Walter Akeley Post and the Port Angeles Salmon Club. Six brand new bicycles await as prizes to those catching

The youngsters find it just as much sport to fish from a rowboat as from a cruiser in the Port Angeles Salmon Derby

the largest fish and a score of lesser prizes as the weights taper down. Then, after the prizes have been awarded there is the biggest wiener roast, bun feed and ice cream cone party of the year. In Port Angeles the idea is a winner and a youth movement without a peer. Children look forward to the Salmon Derby months ahead and talk of it months afterwards.

"The Junior Salmon Derby as staged by the Port Angeles group may be the 'shot that is heard around America' in suggesting another youth activity to American Legion Posts favored by proximity to fishing lakes, streams or salt water. Certainly, any clean and healthful sport or recreation that catches the interest of practically all youngsters between fixed ages in any community is worth a try. Port Angeles sent one thousand youngsters down to the sea in boats ranging from cedar rowboats to \$15,000 cruisers, with scores of boys and girls fishing from the decks of purse seiners and other craft.

"The operation of



the Derby is interesting. Boat owners are regimented and the use of their craft for the day is obtained without cost. Salmon fishermen are contacted and furnish all the necessary gear with the exception of two hundred hand-lines which are rigged up by Legionnaires for late-comers and to fill any deficiency in equipment. The Coast Guard, State Fisheries boats and locally-owned cruisers patrol the harbor and strait to see that youngsters do not fish out too far or get into difficulty. Adults are present in each boat. Legion-

naires patrol the beach. The safety factor is uppermost. The parking on the long Ediz Hook is a problem and extra State Policemen are sent down from Olympia to superintend the parking of the cars of hundreds of papas and mammas and friends of the family who assemble to greet the youngsters as the contest closes.

"It is a major youth enterprise in Port Angeles, and for weeks it has the whole city agog in preparation. Kids are now coming to the event from Seattle, Tacoma, Bremerton, Olympia, Aberdeen,

Hoquiam, and some contestants have come from as far away as British Columbia. There is no entry fee. No cost to the young people who take part in the contest.

"Port Angeles Legionnaires have a heavy youth program. It includes a Boy Scout Troop, with drum and bugle corps; participation in a city-wide Hallowe'en party with a flying squadron of entertainers; establishment of a juvenile officer on the city police force; sponsorship of school safety patrols; and Junior American Legion baseball. But the peer of them all from the viewpoint of interest, sportsmanship, character-building and friendship-cultivation is the annual Junior Salmon Derby. It takes clear-eyed, clean-minded boys and girls to go 'over the top' in the dawn of a fall morning after the silvery horde of salmon that play about the Strait of Juan de Fuca, but the sport furnishes them a day packed with thrills, prizes and memories."



All ready for the battle in the Juan de Fuca Strait. Members of the Port Angeles Salmon Club and Legionnaires escort a group of young fishermen in a comfortable cruiser



Just a few of the winners with the top size fish of the day—salmon big enough to brighten the week of any fisherman. Tops means prizes and to this group prizes mean bicycles

Sunday Breakfast Installation

THE members of Pennsylvania Railroad Post of Philadelphia, whose members are employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad, claim the distinction of being the only Post in their area—perhaps in the Legion—that installs its officers each year at a Sunday morning breakfast. This custom has been observed since 1925, when William C. Campbell was installed as Commander. It was inaugurated because so many members of the Post had night duties that prevented attendance at evening meetings.

Past Commander J. J. Tallent writes that the annual Sunday Breakfast is held the first Sunday in October, when the Auxiliary Unit prepares and serves the meal to the Post members and distinguished guests. Warren Stroud was installed as Commander at the last annual Sunday morning gathering.

The Oldest Legionnaire

THE average age of veterans of the World War is now around 44, going on 45 strong, but it is a lonesome week for the Step-Keeper when he does not receive from one to several letters from Posts and individual Legionnaires, claiming for someone in their Post the unique distinction of being the youngest or the oldest American citizen who served in the World War, and has since become actively identified with the Legion. This department has been a bit chary of awarding honors, because the returns are not all in, and further, to determine the relative position of claimants would entail too much of research of official records. Elderly men were eager to get



Pennsylvania Railroad Post installs its officers at a Sunday morning breakfast. Commander Warren Stroud and Past Commander Pat Tallent discuss affairs at their post of duty

into the service twenty years ago; many were accepted. Some saw active service overseas, while others were used in limited service on this side of the Atlantic.

Any man whose active service spans the breadth of years from service in the American Civil War, the World War and into the year of grace, 1938, has a record that can be equaled by very few and perhaps surpassed by none. The members of Bearl V. Pittenger Post of Detroit, Michigan, have long claimed for their active fellow-member, Comrade John W. Boucher, who has such a record, the distinction of being the oldest Legionnaire and have submitted proof of their claim of age and service. Comrade Boucher, born in 1844, has reached his ninety-third milestone. There are few, perhaps none, who will dispute his claim. And at ninety-three Comrade Boucher is an active member of Bearl V. Pittenger Post—seldom misses a meeting when in Detroit—and of Detroit Voiture of the Forty and Eight.

Young John Boucher enlisted in the 24th Michigan Infantry for service in the Civil War, and with his regiment participated in campaigns in the deep South. Then he spent about one year in the Quartermaster's Department at Nashville, before returning to his home in the North. It's a simple matter of mathematics to determine that between 1864 and 1914 there lies a span of fifty years—to John Boucher these fifty years were active ones filled with a satisfying measure of success in his line of endeavor. He had reached an age when most men were thinking of retiring from business. In 1914 Europe flamed with war, and John Boucher, notwithstanding the weight of his seventy years, felt the urge to go. He offered his services to several Canadian organizations, but each time was rejected because of age. Then one day he met an

officer whom he had known many years who was recruiting a battalion. Boucher passed a satisfactory examination, and, when asked his age, said: "I am forty-eight, sir." The recruiting officer, who knew his age, replied: "John Boucher, you're a good liar, but you're a good man and you're going over." He was accepted. A set of teeth was made for him (which he wore only at inspections and on occasional visits to headquarters) and he was assigned to the 257th Canadian Railway Battalion as a sapper.

Sapper Boucher went to France, via England, with his Battalion and was sent to the Belgian front. After several months in the Vimy Ridge sector and along the most active fronts, mud, blood and sleepless nights finally got the better of him and he was invalided back to London for discharge, despite his vigorous protests. Then, at seventy-three, he felt able to carry on.

After discharge from the Canadian army, Comrade Boucher was repatriated at Syracuse, New York. He immediately entered civilian war work, speaking for the Liberty Loan drives through the Eastern and Southern States—at Nashville, where he had spent so many of his Civil War days, he spoke twenty-seven times in three days. This work was continued until the Armistice. Since the war he has divided his time between Miami,



Florida, and his fixed home at Detroit

Carter C. Hanner Post of Stillwater, Oklahoma, proposes the name of Comrade Michael McDonald as one of the oldest Legionnaires, offered both as to years and service in the United States Army. Notwithstanding the fact that this Legionnaire is now in his eighty-fourth year—born in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, October 29, 1854—he is not only active in his Post but continues in his duties as military property custodian at Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater. He is a Past Commander of Carter C. Hanner Post.

Comrade McDonald enlisted in the United States Army on February 23, 1878, and served continuously until his retirement on March 14, 1906. He participated in the Indian wars in Montana and the Northwest in 1879 and 1880; in the Spanish-American War, 1898; in the Philippine Insurrection, 1900 to 1902, and was recalled to active duty at the Agricultural and Mechanical College during the period of the World War. He was retired with the rank of sergeant major, but in 1919 Governor Robertson commissioned him a member of his staff, with the rank of colonel. Legionnaire McDonald has rounded out thirty-five years of service with the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater as assistant commandant of cadets and military property custodian.

New England's entry for honors in the



John W. Boucher, (left), veteran of the Civil War and World War, keeps young by keeping active in Detroit Post and Voiture. Above, William Chetham, 81-year-old Massachusetts member

upper-age bracket is Sergeant Major William Chetham, eighty-one year old member of Springfield (Massachusetts) Post, who looks back on a colorful service record which spans nearly forty years, and recalls such chapters as cavalry charges over Arabian sands with Kitchener in 1880; campaigns in South Africa with the Fifth Dragoons, 1887 to



Maine turns out to honor distinguished Legionnaire at Portland. Left to right, Guy P. Gannett, Portland publisher; Bill Cunningham, Boston sports writer; John J. Maloney, Past National Vice Commander; William N. Campbell, the guest of honor; Walter McDonald, and Hector Staples, Department Commander of Maine

1890, and service in France and Egypt with the same regiment. He was severely wounded at Amiens in June, 1918, and was discharged from the service just before the Armistice.

Of English birth, Comrade Chetham came to the United States in 1881, after his discharge from the British army, and became a naturalized citizen a few years later. He returned to England in 1887, enlisted for service in South Africa, then came back to his adopted country. He enlisted in the Massachusetts National Guard for service in the Spanish-American War, but a death in his family the day before his outfit entrained prevented his departure.

Less than three months after the World War erupted, "Yankee Bill" Chetham, then fifty-seven, was on the high seas with 109 men from the Springfield area intent upon getting into the Allied service. Again he joined the Fifth Dragoons. He was rushed to France in time to participate in the Mons affair, which won him the Mons Star with 1914 bar and, later, England's Distinguished Service Order. Transferred to Egypt, he served a year with his Regiment, then back to France and the wounds received at Amiens.

Legionnaire Chetham is a charter member of Springfield Post and displays with pride the three gold stars on the sleeve of his coat, indicating uninterrupted membership. He has long served as custodian of Memorial Hall, which serves jointly as headquarters for the fast dwindling Grand Army of the Republic and The American Legion in the Western Massachusetts city. He is proud of his life membership in Springfield Post, presented on his 80th birthday.

Honor Maine's No. 1

THE Legion of Maine, through Harold T. Andrews Post of Portland, rendered honor to Colonel William N. Campbell, of Sanford, at a testimonial dinner held at Portland on the evening of December 6th. The dinner was held ostensibly as a testimonial to Legionnaire



Campbell's efforts in behalf of the Harold T. Andrews Junior Drum and Bugle Corps, but it was really an expression of appreciation on the part of his comrades for his long and helpful service to the Legion.

The Junior Corps of Portland, in which Mr. Campbell has long been interested, took fourth place in the national competition at the New York Convention last September and, as one of the best known of the Legion's junior organizations,

aroused a running fire of complimentary comment as it marched up Fifth Avenue with the Maine delegation. At the dinner plans were announced for sending the corps to the National Convention at Los Angeles next September, the fund-raising committee to be headed by Mr. Campbell. Four members of the junior corps, Miss Maureen Maloney, drum major, Joe Duff, Donald Collins and Richard Finney, entertained the diners with a program of singing and dancing.

At the conclusion of the speaking program, at which Frank E. Lowe served as toastmaster, a silver plaque bearing a gold American Legion emblem was presented to Mr. Campbell by John H. Vanier, Commander of Harold T. Andrews Post.

The Legion in China

RECENT events in China, where two Posts of the Legion function actively, have given some concern as to the welfare of the members. A reassuring letter has been received from L. R. Schinazi, Commander of General Frederick Townsend Ward Post at Shanghai, who says:

"Our installation of officers this year was held on Armistice night at the American Club and, in addition to Post members, was attended by Colonel Charles F. B. Price of the United States Marines and Captain R. S. McConnell, who represented Admiral Harry E. Yarnell. The installation ceremony was followed by an informal dinner, for which the band of the Fourth Marines played. Its music had the accompaniment of the boom of big guns being fired by both the Japanese and (Continued on page 61)

KILLED? WOUNDED? MISSING?



THERE is no question about the historical value of many of the thousands of souvenirs acquired by men and women during the World War, but more than that, a great number of these mementoes are packed with sentiment—with tragedy and pathos and humor—if their stories could be learned. The recital in the December issue of the successful return of the Kling children's picture to the widowed mother in Germany has caused many comrades to dig into their war archives—into trunks and barracks bags and foot lockers. We hope this department will be as successful in ferreting out the owners of the pictures, letters, German dog-tags and other material that has been reported by fellow Legionnaires.

Because of space limitations, most of our activities of this sort have to be conducted through correspondence. In at least one case, however, visual assistance is required in our search, and so attention is called to the illustration on this page. Here you see a picture of what was no doubt the most prized possession of some American soldier who until now remains unknown, and whose fate is still undetermined. Was he killed in action? Was he wounded? Or does his record bear the tragic classification of "Missing in Action"? Let us hope that the mystery will be solved.

The picture came from Adjutant William J. Gannon of Pensauken Township Post of the Legion, whose home is at 2336-47th Street, Camden, New Jersey. Adjutant Gannon tells us this:

"I enclose a picture of a khaki-cloth



This khaki-cloth wallet, containing a photograph of a woman and six children, and pierced by two bullets, may assist in determining the fate of an American soldier in the A. E. F. Does anyone recognize it or the family pictured?

wallet that contains a photograph of a woman and six children under a celluloid cover, and, in another fold, contains a crucifix and a small medal such as is worn by a member of the Roman Catholic faith. The wallet has two bullet holes in it.

"This wallet came into the possession

of a member of our Post, Frank Kessler, while he was supply sergeant of Company C, 7th Engineers, Fifth Division—no doubt through a redistribution of used equipment. Frank is unable to furnish details as to when or where he might have acquired this memento other than that



An addition to the Oddity Column is the above watch-fob made of German coins of the pre-war period

it was probably on the Meuse-Argonne front.

"Frank hopes that through this photograph that he took of the wallet, someone near and dear to the veteran to whom it belonged may be able to identify it, or that the veteran himself is still alive and will identify it himself. This war memento

has been in a trunk of Frank Kessler's these many years and was only uncovered recently.

"I trust that we shall be able to return the wallet to its owner or to someone close to him."

REMEMBER in the October issue Comrade Edward H. McCrahan suggested an Oddity Column in this department and submitted as the first entry a picture of a locket bearing the Ten Commandments in Hebrew characters? We are happy to present a second entry that came from Legionnaire C. G. Francis of 1122 North Seventh Street, Tacoma, Washington. His odd souvenir of the war is shown and Francis tells this story of it:

"The enclosed is a picture of an 'Uhr-kette'—German for watch-fob—made of a half mark, mark, two mark, three mark and five mark piece. Where and how did I get it?

"Well, while I was with the Headquarters of the Third Army Corps at Neu-wied-am-Rhein, I was regimental sergeant major in the Army Education Service. Fortunately, I was able to travel over a considerable portion of the Occupied Area which enabled me to accumulate a fair collection of Stadtgeld—the coins issued by German cities.

"The three-mark piece, second from the bottom of the fob, I consider the prize piece of my collection, although it is Reich (empire) money. There was none of them in circulation and it was only after considerable persuasion that I talked the old German with whom I was billeted—Herr Schroederback, Pharrstrasse, 5, Neu-wied—into selling it. This coin, minted in 1913, was an Anden-ken (souvenir) of the War of 1813—issued in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Frederick William III's stirring call to his people on March 17, 1813, the day after war, the 'War of Liberation,' had been declared against France.

"One side shows the Emperor with his subjects gathered about him. The inscription reads: 'Der König rief und alle alle kommen,' or 'The king called and all all came,' at the bot-

tom: 'Mitt Gott für König und Vaterland,' or 'With God for king and fatherland.' I consider this commemorative coin a link in the propaganda program preparatory to the World War which began the following year. The figure on the horse may be Frederick William III, but for the pur-

pose of preparation for war, it certainly personified the great Kaiser, William II.

"The watch-fob was made for me by a German watchmaker."

We stand ready to present any other really unusual war souvenirs that are reported to us. How about digging into your archives?

AND now we refer to another contribution to the Then and Now Department in the October issue—the story about Yeomen F that held first place. That issue hadn't been distributed long when we received a letter from Orlando, Florida, signed merely with the initials "B.R.L." If you read on, you'll find that we penetrated the disguise of our anonymous friend, but first we want you to read his original comment:

"Legionnaress Nell Halstead's article, 'Women in White,' in this month's issue of our Magazine prompted me to dig down into my wartime snapshots and bring forth the enclosed memento of the early days of the war in '17.

"I am quite sure that veteran Nell will chide me for the effect that time has had

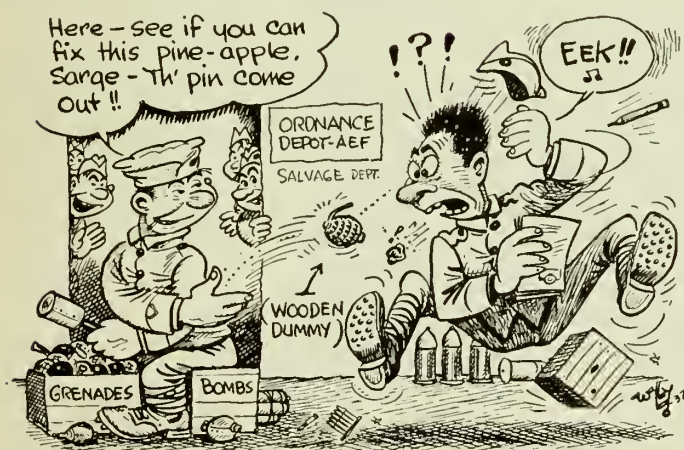


An embryo officer at the 1st O. T. S., Fort Logan H. Roots, posed with the above unflattering sign in October, 1917. Who is he?

on this picture—the word 'Excluded' has almost faded out, as, according to her story, it should have. Of course, this sign, one of many placed around the huts occupied by students at the Second Officers Training Camp did not apply to women who hoped to join the colors. Then, too, these notices were placed long before Uncle Sam's nephews became scarce and he had to turn to his nieces for assistance.

"The picture was taken at Fort Logan H. Roots, Arkansas, on a chilly morning in October, 1917, and I am wondering if the long-overcoated student pictured therein doesn't wholeheartedly agree with Nell that 'Women won the War.'"

When we wrote and suggested to B. R. L. that he take off his whiskers and dark





Notwithstanding Siberia's reputation for chilliness, men of the 27th Infantry used the Usuri River, above Vladivostok, as a bathtub in the summer of 1919. The companion picture is a shot toward the same bridge during the winter of 1918

glasses, Ben R. Leigh, whom he proved to be, came back with a peach of a letter of which we can let you read only part:

"My delay in answering your letter has been caused by my efforts to decide whether you extended an invitation or offered a challenge that I pull off my gas mask and otherwise decamouflage myself. Not attempting to hide behind 'B.R.L.' but I never thought a twenty-year-old snapshot would bring an invitation to write a story. . . .

"I'm proud of my Legion membership, having been a charter member of De-Sassure Post, signing up before November 11, 1919, and since moving to Orlando in 1921, a continuous member of Memorial Post. Mrs. Leigh is with our Auxiliary. Memorial Post is proud of its feminine members, including Mrs. Beatrice Altamatt, Mrs. Dorothy Boardman, Mrs. Ann McLean and Mrs. Estelle Senner.

"As to the picture of the sign 'Women Excluded,' I know no special reason for the sign's prominence other than it meant just what it said. I would judge that at the First Officers Training Camp at the Fort, the students probably had too many feminine guests, and it became necessary to exclude the fair sex so the students could attend more closely to their duties.

"Speaking of the 'wimmen folks' in the war, I will never forget the first time I saluted a superior of the feminine gender. It was at Rouen, France—I was with the Medical Corps—and the officer was Miss Julia C. Stimson, 1st Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps. I think that Miss Stimson now wears the oak leaves of a major. [Correct—but she is now retired after having served as superintendent of the Corps, and she now lives in New York City.—C.C.]

"I entered the service determined to see action 'over there.' My chance came the latter part of June, 1918, when it was announced that ten percent of the enlisted personnel would be called for the July Automatic Replacement Draft. When I made application for permission to go, the adjutant, Lieutenant El Cook, insisted I continue in the O.T.S., assuring me I would get a commission. I told him I'd rather be a buck private in France than a major general here and after several conferences, I was allowed to go with the Automatic Replacement Draft

and so I got to France and, of course, from this letter you know that I also got back."

IT MUST be due to a flashback to those youthful days when we read stories and saw pictures of Russian exiles being sent into Siberia that we always hold the impression that that vast country across the north of Asia is one of barren wastes perpetually covered with ice and snow. We were surprised, therefore, when we got a batch of wartime snapshots from one of the ex-Wolfhounds of the A. E. F. Siberia and discovered a picture showing his outfit following the A. E. F. France plan of using a river for a bath-tub. We show you this picture, but you will note that the companion picture of the same river and bridge confirms in part our idea of Siberia.

Our Siberian Expedition veteran is N. G. Jacobson, member of Marshall Field & Company Post in Chicago, who lives at 611 Bell Avenue, La Grange, Illinois. Jacobson served with Company A, 27th Infantry. His jump from sunny California to Siberia is interesting and he'll tell you about it:

"Orders came fast and furious during our training period with the 8th Division in Camp Fremont, California, some thirty miles from San Francisco. When orders came, the rumors always were that we were going to France as shock troops. Eventually some of our Division did reach France two days before the Armistice, but only for police and camp duty, and units of the 16th Infantry Brigade became part of the permanent garrison of Camp Pon-

tanezen, just outside of Brest.

"It was my lot, however, to be sent with other 8th Division men to join the 27th and 31st Infantry Regiments which had been sent to Siberia from the Philippines. Before sailing on Labor Day, 1918, 'Mother' Schumann-Heink came up toting for us and bid us goodbye. Our contingent sailed on the transports *Logan* and *Sheridan*. Our first stop was on September 22d, when we anchored in the harbor of Hackodate, Japan, where we were allowed several hours of shore leave. Next morning there were several new mascots aboard, so I suppose some citizens of Hackodate (Continued on page 62)



On to WASHINGTON

AN ARMY OF YOUNG FOLKS IS NOW PLANNING ITS SPRING INVASION OF THE CAPITAL

*By
Maxine Davis*

"GEE," whispered a carrot-topped lad hanging over the rail of the gallery of the national House of Representatives, "gee, don't it all seem real?"

Government and history were taking life and form for that boy and for seventy-nine of his fellows—the senior class of the high-school of a Pennsylvania town. For nearly four years they had all been working, saving, planning for this trip to Washington. And here they were, watching Great Things happening.

This group was only one of many that come to Washington every spring. The graduating class's pilgrimage has become traditional in hundreds of high-schools over the country during the past twenty years. From March through July, boys and girls stream through the city in parties ranging from fifteen to 800. This past April alone more than 12,000 young people poured past the historic shrines of the city and its environs. One school principal, who in 1911 became convinced that such trips would raise history and political science above the level of mere textbook memorizing, has himself conducted 7000 young people through the capital.



Almost as important as seeing the Capitol or the White House is the visit to the world famous Lincoln Memorial

These tours are promoted by the Washington Board of Trade and the Capital Transit Company, who sponsor radio broadcasts, send out movies to be shown in schools, and representatives with alluring posters and booklets. Some schools have a four-year plan by which each youngster begins as soon as he enters high-school to contribute a dime or quarter a week toward his senior-class trip. Others give plays and carnivals; in some cases churches and service clubs come to the rescue of a perilous fund. Last year the twenty-seven members of the Blakely (Georgia) high-school got their communal kitty up to \$400. That wasn't enough, so they bought a bus for \$300 down. Next year's seniors will retire another \$300, and the sophomores will pay up the balance in their time.

That carrot-topped boy and his classmates traveled in a special coach assigned them by the railroad company. They brought stacks of fried chicken and monumental sandwiches. The transportation, meals on the return trip, food and lodging at the hotel for three nights and two days, and all sight-seeing charges were included in the flat cost of \$23 per person.

They reached Washington last evening, were met by a bus which carried them to their hotel just off tree-shadowed 16th Street. Promptly they set out on a postcard and souvenir hunt. At eight this morning their haggard chaperones review them: an eager group studded with celluloid buttons. They are divided into eight groups, each headed by an elected leader who reports to the chaperone.

Once in the bus, they begin an incredibly full morning. First comes the Folger Shakespearean Library. Most of the youngsters are baffled by the place, but one Italian girl stands transfixed before yellowing and unin- (Continued on page 37)

Illustration by
J.W. SCHLAIKJER

The

ONCE upon a time Tours was merely a lovely city of 75,000 inhabitants sitting astride the Loire in west-central France and useful as a jumping-off point for tourists wishing to visit the magnificent chateaus in the vicinity. But in the spring of 1918, Tours was much more than that. It was the headquarters of the Service of Supply and within three miles of its main street, the Rue Nationale, more than a hundred thousand olive drab soldiers had their being.

Furthermore, if you had to be in the S. O. S. Tours was a lucky billet. The issue chow was excellent; the bunks were not bad; and every soldier not under court martial or company punishment rated going downtown of a night until nine o'clock; and midnight passes were not hard to obtain. The cafés had excellent liquors; the restaurants had a wide variety of food; and, be it said, the young ladies of Tours were lonely, lovely and languorous. A man who had a billet in Tours considered himself fortunate; and because it was next best to Paris, plenty of army politicking went on either to hold what was had, or to obtain what was wanted.

Beaumont Barracks at the eastern end of the Boulevard Beranger was the S. O. S. headquarters of the Air Service. And since it was headquarters there was a great coming and going of officers from lieutenant to general. To transport them quite a fleet of Packards, Cadillacs, Fiats and Hudson-super-sixes were garaged to the right of the main gate. Roll call of chauffeurs was at eight o'clock.

On a morning in June Corporal-chauffeur Milton Brale strode briskly across the parade ground where no one ever drilled. Entering the garage he was surprised to find that most of the chauffeurs were either washing springs with kero-



What he saw was just too much for Captain Stavey

CORPORAL'S *Lady*

By

FREDERICK
C. PAINTON

s'ne oil or loafing in their seats reading. He glanced at his wrist watch to make sure it was only five minutes to eight.

Further to add to his perplexities he saw, seated in his own super-six a tall, lantern-jawed corporal, concentrating on a copy of *La Vie Parisienne*. Brale recognized him as one Corporal Halliday. Halliday had come down a week or so previous from Colombey-les-Belles and since there was no vacancy for chauffeurs here, should have long since been transferred out. But being a cousin of Sergeant Dabney's he still stayed around.

"That's my car you're sitting in," said Brale.

"Was your car, you mean," said Halliday, glancing up and immediately down again.

Brale was about to debate the point when Sergeant Dabney, a raw-boned man with an aggressive face and a taste for cognac bore down upon him.

"Captain Stavey wants to see you right away, Brale," he said.

Corporal-chauffeur Brale had a one-track mind. Before the war had sought him out he was a mechanic in Southport Corners. And a first-rate one. In the bewildering shifts and changes that followed donning the olive drab he kept track of only one thing; he knew motors

and machinery. By one of those rare freaks he came upon a commanding officer who believed him. And after being hurried to France ninety days after the draft picked him up, he was put to driving a car. He was kept at it because, while he did not know France or the French language, any car he started out with came back under its own power. This was an asset duly recognized.

So now, his mind on his car, he said, "What's Halliday doing in my car?"

"He's driving it," rejoined Sergeant Dabney. "Roll call is at seven-forty-five around here. As you'd know if you'd

just bothered to read the bulletin board."

"Why, there wasn't any notice posted when I came in last night from Issoudun!" cried Brale, puzzled.

"There was," snapped Sergeant Dabney. "I put it up myself. Next time dig the crumbs out of your eyes." He paused, and when Brale was not looking, winked heavily (*Continued on page 54*)

FRONT *and* CENTER

VIRGINIA SPEAKS UP

To the Editor: I have just finished rereading, for the umpteenth time, the account of the New York National Convention in the October issue of The American Legion Magazine. In great distress, mingled with a liberal portion of righteous indignation, I put down the magazine and take my pen in hand to protest a most cruel and barbarous injustice.

Those who attended the election session at Madison Square Garden know that it was Virginia and her eighteen votes cast for Doherty which definitely decided the election. Your magazine article utterly ignores that and sort of puts the credit half and half between Vermont and Washington. That's bad enough. The Department of Virginia does not often have the opportunity or honor of electing a national commander; but when we do, for the Lord's sake, please don't censor the fact, suppress the information, and hand over the glory (or whatever it may be) to some other State.

But the worst blow of all was the statement in your story that the National Adjutant, calling the roll in alphabetical order, came to the State of Vermont, received its vote, and then passed on "to the next State on the roll—the State of Washington"! Shades of Captain John Smith and the hardy pioneers who landed at Jamestown in 1607 (thirteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at the well-known Plymouth Rock)! Shades of George Washington, James Monroe, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, John Marshall, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, Woodrow Wilson, etc., etc.! Since when has the Department of Virginia been completely deleted from the national roll call?

According to all the mimeographed and printed roll-calls and other alphabetical lists of the States, right after you read the name "Vermont" you come to the name "Virginia." And yet our wonderful magazine has gone to work and told its millions of readers that after Vermont, next came Washington. Oh, well. We will just do our best to survive the terrible shock and hope for better luck next time.

—JOHN J. WICKER, JR., *Richmond, Va.*

FLORIDA ALSO

To the Editor: The writer is usually opposed to writing letters of this kind, but I wouldn't think it fair to my buddies of the Miami Drum & Bugle Corps of which I am captain, if I didn't give you just an idea of the way I feel after all the efforts these men put forth during the recent foreign pilgrimage.

After reading Alexander Gardiner's article "Pilgrims—But Not Strangers" in

the December American Legion Magazine you would think that the only persons making this pilgrimage were the National Commander Daniel J. Doherty and a few others; yes, mention was made of the Miami Drum & Bugle Corps. Don't you think it would have been apropos had you published a photograph of the Corps perhaps taken at the Invalides where the boys left a hot meal to parade around while perhaps you enjoyed your banquet, or at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier of France or at one of the dozen other places the boys made appearances. I think it would, after they gave their entire time with exception of a few evenings that they were at liberty after about 10.30 P.M.

According to our records, our regular members put in approximately 300 hours this past year drilling and in turnouts with the corps. In addition to these turnouts and drills many of the members helped raise money for our convention and pilgrimage trip, and after all this and their exemplary conduct and after being under strict discipline for over thirty days one wonders what the hell they must do in the Legion to get some commendation.—NORTON R. GANGER, *Miami, Fla.*

THE ETERNAL FLAME

To the Editor: In the December issue of the Legion Magazine you show a picture of National Commander Doherty rekindling the flame at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Paris. Please explain this to me. I am under the impression that this is a continuous flame. If it is, how is it rekindled? Also, what fuel is used for this continuous flame?—ERNEST P. MILLER, *York, Pa.*

*[The flame at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier is never put out. The fuel is alcohol. Each evening there is a ceremony, usually between five and six o'clock, during which an instrument shaped like a sword is used to turn a valve which allows a larger amount of the fuel to reach the flame. After the ceremony the valve is turned back and the flame returns to normal. The French expression for the rekindling is *Ranimer la flamme*.—THE EDITOR.]*

HELP FOR THE JOBLESS

To the Editor: With The American Legion making the problem of employment its major program this year, I thought you might be interested in what one of our

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement.

comrades in Los Angeles is doing to help solve the situation. Hal Styles, a local veteran with a distinguished service overseas, started a program on one of our local radio stations some ten months ago which he calls "Help Thy Neighbor," radio's original first aid to the jobless.

Styles has been able to secure employment through the use of this radio program for thousands of unemployed, and it is only recently that he has attempted to give special consideration to veterans.

I listened to his program on three or four occasions and then went up to see him, hoping that possibly he might be a veteran, and was very much pleased when I found that he was. The result was that he put on a special veterans' program for us, at which time our Department Commander, Joseph S. Long, was introduced and commended him highly for his efforts.

The thought occurred to me that if a program similar to this could be copied by Legion Committees throughout the country, especially in the major cities where large radio stations are located, that a great deal of favorable attention could be directed to the Legion's Employment Program.—E. H. RISON, *Los Angeles, Calif.*

SPIKE'S GAS MASK REVIEW

To the Editor: I enjoyed reading Nason's tale of La Courtine for I was there in the spring of 1918 and lived in the stone barracks he speaks of. Spike's enthusiasm for appearing unexpectedly and yelling "gas" was not exaggerated.

I was a member of Battery E, 147th F. A., and we had our own colonel, but Spike was in charge of the camp. We used to pass in review for Spike and his staff several times a week and on this particular afternoon we had already done our stuff and were waiting for the road to be cleared so we could return to the barracks, when the command came for the F.A.R.R.'s, Spike's immediate command, to put on gas masks before starting their review. Now between the road and the parade grounds was an open storm sewer, a foot or so deep and about as wide. The first platoon went over this hazard without incident but usually three or four men of each succeeding platoon would fall into the ditch, then groping until their guns were found, would hurry on. As the parade went on more and more of the men became lost and appeared to wander aimlessly about the field. These men were usually bumped into by the following platoons, thereby adding to the confusion, until at the last it looked more like a route march than a review.

I wonder if there were any other reviews in gas masks?—HERBERT BLAKESLEE, *Tucson, Ariz.*

On to Washington

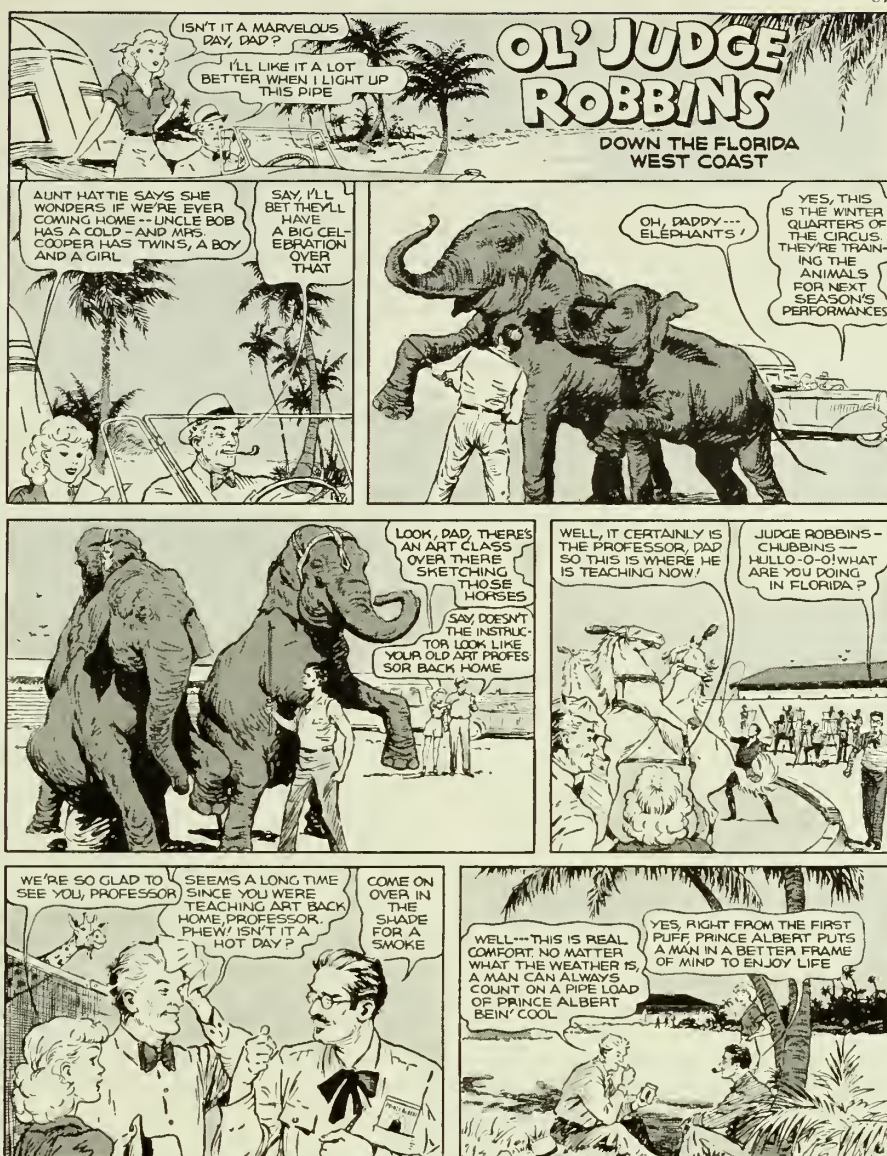
(Continued from page 33)

telligible scripts so long that she misses the Supreme Court, which is the next stop. The rest of the party are over there in no time at all, wandering through echoing marble corridors. Some of the boys hunt up a justice's office and hang around outside his door, hoping he will come in or go out.

Presently even these leave for the Library of Congress. This edifice they enter with fixed purposes. One lad instantly heads for the collection of fine violins and apparently memorizes every detail of the Betts Stradivarius and of the instrument used by Richard Wagner. A young girl inquires the location of the Persian manuscripts. "I'm studying design," she explains timidly. Another girl has routed out a librarian who demonstrates the catalogue system; a friend who took the trip last year had given her the name of an obliging employee. Crowds of them hang over the Constitution, eyeing it with solemnity and reverence. Sons and daughters of immigrants are fascinated with the memoranda for the Declaration of Independence, though they favor the Gutenberg Bible with little more than a glance.

This afternoon the youngsters are going off on private expeditions. One girl is eager to see the "sculpture a man ordered in memory of his wife, and it turned out so good," and goes to view the St. Gaudens *Grief*. Another, the daughter of the town druggist, is to see the exhibits at the American Pharmaceutical Society. A group of scientifically-minded boys are going to inspect the wind tunnels and the sound chamber at the Bureau of Standards. They've also heard there is a machine there for testing silk stockings, and for some obscure reason, they want to see *that*. Some others want to see the central heating plant, which keeps 72 government buildings, including the White House, warm in winter. Yet another couple of lads want to see the three-pound frogs, albino trout, and "hell-benders" among the prideful possessions of the Bureau of Fisheries. They are also going to stop in at the Patent Office.

What the students get out of the trips depends in no small measure on the guides. Here is the senior class of a New Jersey high school. As soon as they are loaded into the bus, the guide takes their measure. They giggle and whisper as he points out the site of the old B. & O. station where Garfield was assassinated, the spot where the Bonus Army camped. When he says "This is the Dolly Madison House—and did you know Dolly Madison invented ice cream, by mistake?" the girls look up. Then presently, "On the left is Henderson Castle, the home built by the author of the 13th Amendment. Who knows which one that is?" No one, apparently, and (Continued on page 38)



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MEN! YOU'RE ENTITLED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE PIPE-JOY CLUB!



THERE'S INSPIRATION IN PRINCE ALBERT. THE CRIMP CUT ASSURES SMOOTH PACKING AND DRAWING -- AND MELLOW SMOKING



I CAN AFFORD ANY TOBACCO -- BUT PRINCE ALBERT IS SO WONDERFULLY MILD -- IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!



SURE I CAN AFFORD RICH, FULL-BODIED SMOKES. I GET AROUND 50 PIPEFULS FROM EVERY POCKET TIN OF P.A.

CHECK EVERY CLAIM AT OUR RISK --

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GUARANTEED FOR ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS TOO



PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

On to Washington

(Continued from page 37)

after a lot of guessing, the guide tells them. He is a young man with humor, with authentic knowledge born of sincere interest, not merely a patter learned from a manual, and with authority which ultimately commands these undisciplined youngsters. When he points out John L. Lewis's home in Alexandria he starts a brief labor discussion. When he seats them in the amphitheater in Arlington to tell them the story of the Unknown Soldier, he has the satisfaction of looking at faces which reflect the peace and beauty, the sun-dappled solemnity of the place and the history. The boys and girls listen to his restrained account in gratifying silence.

Preparation is a factor even more important than guides in the success of the trips. Vision and imagination on the part of teachers make the trips significant. Some educators plan a portion of their curriculum as background to the tour, making the expedition a project study in government and history. Of late the Office of Education has begun to give direction to the trips. One of its representatives recently took a party of 500 students on a two-day expedition. It started in the House Office Building, where their Representative in Congress met them. That made Congress personal to them. He showed them his office, a committee in session, and then went with them to the gallery, where he pointed out notables

and told them what was going on. Thus these young people learned how Congress works from the lips of a member of it. After that their guide took them through the capitol corridors to the Senate side, where one of their Senators received them.

Then they went down on the Mall. A program was prepared, but no one was obliged to follow it. Practically all of them did, however, because the first stop was the office of J. Edgar Hoover, where the chief of the G-men had arranged to speak to them himself before they visited his exhibit. In other buildings it was arranged for scientists and bureau heads to explain their work.

Arrangements for the trip are commonly made through the Washington Board of Trade, which, upon inquiry, sends a list of approved hotels and rooming houses. Letters are then referred to the Capital Transit Company, a public utility which gets in touch with the proper transportation agency. If there are enough members of the party to warrant it, the company sees to it that the railroad puts on special cars, and sometimes, as in the case of large parties, even a special train. If the party wishes to come by bus, they have a special to themselves. Representatives of railroad or bus lines accompany the youngsters to Washington and remain with them throughout the stay, looking after the sick, rounding

up those who stray or who may get into minor difficulties.

The average visit is three days, though some can only stay one or two days, and some make it four or five, depending on their purses. Hotels often turn over their ballrooms for dancing and give the young people music. They are always directed to Washington's evening sports facilities, which include bicycling and lighted tennis courts.

There is a scholarship basis for the trips in most schools: Students not passing are ineligible, for the excursions are made in school time, and there is a good deal of evidence to show that they fit nicely into the pattern of regular school work.

Students, when they return home, write descriptive reports of the trip for the local newspaper, or to be read in school assemblies. In some schools, representatives of the class must discuss features of the trip before boards of education and at meetings of parent-teacher associations. Parents report that for weeks they themselves enjoy the trip through stories recounted at home. Sometimes the trips cause wavering seniors to decide to go on to college.

Whatever the individual student sees or hears, he is exposed to the symbols of American greatness and American tradition. These, if he is led to see them with proper understanding, cannot fail to make a vital and lasting impression.

Henry Ford on Ages and Jobs

(Continued from page 9)

"If whatever it is that stops industry every little while—I think it is some kink in the money system—if that could be ironed out and production before profit could be made the principle of action, modern industry not only could, but also would be compelled to make a job for everybody, in order to do its necessary part. As it stands now, we might as well begin to accumulate experience in finding use for all degrees of age and disability in industry. If we were to take the experience and judgment of men over 50 out of the world, there would not be enough left to run it."

A visitor in the Rouge plant asked, "Why are the men in that department younger all middle-aged or old? Is it work that can be handled without much strength, so you put the old-timers there?"

The answer was, "No, that is tool making, one of the most exacting tasks in our shops. It takes years for the average machinist to acquire enough skill for tool making. Very few youngsters are competent to do this work. By the time a man

becomes a tool maker, he is no longer young."

In recent years Mr. Ford opened up a new plant in a city nearby and chose a man from the Rouge plant to open and manage it. Mr. Ford gave the new manager this explicit instruction: he was to find out how many people his town had between 20 and 30, between 30 and 40, all the way up. The employment in that factory was to represent a cross-section of that community—the community proportion in age-groups and in disability. One noticeable result of that instruction is the man in charge of the boiler room. He is 78 years old, a *new employe* in a new plant! This rule of hiring a representative cross-section of the people in the community is the only age rule Ford ever has had, except, of course, the rule against child labor. He employs no one under 20 years of age.

This does not mean that Mr. Ford thinks that every older man can fill any job in the plant. There are many jobs on which men in late maturity or older

should not be employed. Some few jobs still take the full muscular capacity of strong young men. Other jobs require strong and steady nerves. In still others, the workman's eyes must focus more quickly than most old eyes can focus.

But there are many jobs that a man can handle exactly as well after he is no longer at his peak of strength and endurance. Why set a strapping youngster the task of placing a tiny coil spring in a tiny hole? It can be done just as well by a one-legged or legless man, perhaps by a blind man or a man with one arm. It can, and therefore should, be the duty of a man who because of age or other disability cannot perform really heavy work.

There is no doubt that enough men are refused jobs on account of age to raise an important question. The question is important not only to the men who are turned away at employment gates. It is quite as important to the employers, if only they knew it. The company that fixes arbitrary age limits for hiring is doing itself an injustice. No large business

can afford to do without the ability, experience, and judgment which come only with the years. To have these qualities, it needs its quota of older men. Low hiring limits doubtless exist in some factories, but these are not the best factories. The employer cheats himself who tries to get the cream by hiring only young workers. Among the young, the cream has not risen to the top yet.

Why has this question of age and jobs come into prominence now as compared with a few years ago? It is not because of industry's employment policies, it is because today there are many more of the older people able and eager to work, presenting themselves to get work. Industry is partly responsible for this because its modern methods preserve a man's working prime. Anybody more than 40 years old now can look back on how much harder people had to work in the past, how much more it took out of a man to make his living whether on the farm, in the factory, at a trade, or almost anywhere else. Hours were longer. Working conditions were less healthful.

Some of us look back wistfully to the good old days of our youth. We are in a measure right; some delightful qualities have lessened or disappeared in American life during your lifetime and mine. But while we try to restore those good qualities, let us not forget that before industry lifted the burden off men and put it on machines, a man had to work so hard that he was played out by the time he became 50 or 60 years old. Moreover, industry in those days had few jobs which were easy enough, free enough from heavy lifting and carrying and wheeling, so that even a sturdy old man could handle them. He had little choice but to retire.

People age more slowly now than they used to. Working conditions today make it possible to utilize the services of a man who, even in his present vigor, could not have done the equivalent job thirty years ago. For example, better lighting makes vision clearer. And corrective lenses let men do precise eye work even after eyesight has changed with age.

One section of the Ford medical department has its men going through the plants constantly analyzing the physical specifications that a given job calls for. This department helps to steer new men into jobs, as well as to re-classify employees who have been ill or otherwise disabled. They go a lot further than merely looking for places that a man of 50 or 60 can fill. Actually they keep on finding more and more opportunities for handicapped workers. Consequently there are some departments largely staffed with workers who have serious physical lacks. For example, at one conveyor a blind man sits putting washers on bolts. His next neighbor is partly paralyzed. Their disabilities do not hamper either of these men. At their particular jobs, they are just as efficient as could be this year's All-American quarterback. Ford has a good many totally (Continued on page 40)

Life Begins At 40



THE PRESS BOX
Where Alertness Is Demanded

Sports Writers Must Be Quick to Catch Every Move

Their Eyes and Minds Must Be Young—But the Best Known Sports Writers Are OVER 40

SPORTS WRITERS rank with young athletes in alertness and enthusiasm. But, *in years*, 40 is young for a top-notch and some of the best names are in the 50-60 bracket and even over it.

One famous sports authority has been a newspaper man for nearly 40 years—and a sports headliner for about 20. His word about sports has grown in interest and importance—as his experience widened.

Sid Mercer—untirable sports writer of the *New York Journal and American*—is over 50. His keen, terse com-

ments have widespread reading, as his column appears in many other newspapers. For over 30 years he has covered sports in all kinds of weather. His news is "live"—like himself.

THEY GET AROUND—Must Have Plenty of Energy. Traveling to events, pounding out the story as the game is played, rushing to make editions—your favorite sports reporter must have steady nerves and extraordinary stamina.

Men of experience who *keep their health and energy* have more to offer in every branch of life than younger men whose experience is limited.

Health Can Mean Success for YOU, too

In Demand as Photographic Model at 42

Dear Life Begins:

I'm very happily married, with a 17-year-old daughter. I wanted her to go to college, so—among other ventures—I started modeling for photography. I was over 40, not very strong and hardly hoped this could become a career.

I'd always had trouble with my digestive system and knew whatever I tackled I'd have to watch my health and strength.

I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast and started eating it regularly. After about 4 weeks I found my digestive system had been tuned up into perfect condition and I was feeling better than I had in years.

Of course, I looked better, too. My model bookings were increasing so nicely I dropped my other work and concentrated on that.

Fleischmann's Yeast is helping me work my daughter's way through college! EDLA DALE



Mrs. Edla Dale
Feels, Looks Better



August Seelig
Fit and Alert

44—High up on the Company's Report Sheet

Dear Life Begins:

I'm a salesman and field supervisor for a large concern handling electrical store equipment.

The work is a strain and I found myself getting nervous and jittery. My digestion—in fact, my whole system—seemed to be out of gear. I bought some right then and there and started to eat it regularly.

A clerk in a store where I was waiting to make a demonstration told me about Fleischmann's Yeast. I bought some right then and there and started to eat it regularly.

After a week or ten days I began to feel fine—getting over my digestive troubles and nerves. Best of all, my old energy returned. My sales went up so that I reached the high-pressure bracket.

Fleischmann's Yeast still helps me to keep physically fit and mentally alert. AUGUST SEELIG

Physical Weakness Often Begins with Slower Digestion

AFTER 40, the rate of digestion is likely to be slower. This is due to weakening of the gastric flow—which tends to become poorer, both in amount and in actual digestive quality, as people pass 40.

By stimulating the gastric flow, *quickening and strengthening* it, it is often possible to check digestive decline. This is the special help Fleischmann's Yeast gives you—and that many people over 40 require to bring them up to par.

Fleischmann's Yeast also provides you with a good daily supply of 4 vitamins—the NERVE VITAMIN, the COLD-RESISTANCE VITAMIN, the BONE VITAMIN and the VITALITY VITAMIN—each one with its own important share in keeping you well.

Begin eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—one cake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before each meal—plain or in a little water, as you prefer. Help yourself to be well.

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Henry Ford on Ages and Jobs

(Continued from page 39)

blind men on the pay-roll making full wages—and earning them. All but one were blind before they came to work in the plant.

The factory managers know what physical abilities each job requires. Every man hired gets a physical examination, and so they know his limitations. Thus it is only a simple routine task to see that the right man is placed in a job. Men differ. Even men of the same age differ greatly in strength, mental outlook, general ability. You know plenty of men past 50 who are too old or otherwise disabled to hold active jobs. You know other men, advanced in years, whose

minds are as clear, motions as certain, muscles as strong as those of most men twenty years younger than themselves. Every applicant is a different problem of placement, but a skilled employment man in a large industrial plant can find places for almost any kind. It takes a little time and effort to organize for this, but the results are worth it. There are men above middle age and men of physical handicaps in every one of the Rouge plant's 190 departments.

The entire problem as it exists in our nation today affects a minority of the middle-aged and old workers. Where the problem is found, it exists because the

employer does not understand the facts. In well-managed plants there are many men past middle age usefully at work, drawing full wages, profitably for their employers. They are proud of their work. They can carry on in spite of the changes brought by life and years. They ask favors of nobody. They need ask none.

For everyone interested in giving a fair opportunity to the men past 40 or of any other useful group as to age or physical handicap, the encouraging thing is that it is a problem which can be solved by education and by management. With everyone sensibly thinking about it and helping, it will be solved.

The Suitcase of the Marne

(Continued from page 7)

"Where the hell is Château-Thierry?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. I never heard of it before, but it's somewhere south of Soissons."

"Well, then, don't talk about it."

The Little Looey hustled around and found some girl that could speak English. (There was an organization there called Les Dames Anglaises, all English girls.) He had more confidence in her than he had in me, for some unknown reason. Well, now, she told him in two words that the front had collapsed on the Chemin des Dames, that the Germans were pouring through like water through a broken dike, that Soissons had fallen, Château-Thierry would fall, and that Montmirail, where we were, was the German objective. They'd probably capture it within a day or so, cut the last railroad to Verdun and the east front, and the war would be over. She had orders from the British Mission in Paris to clear out.

"Gentlemen," said the Little Looey, "I don't know anything about war, and neither does anyone else I've met so far. I know what an order is, though, and I've got one to go to Vailly. I'm going to go there. What can I do, go back to La Courtine and say we heard the Germans had captured Soissons and Paris and Rome and Château-Gooseberry, and so we decided we'd come home? What a fine report that would make! And all the time, in some quiet place in the sun, our little battery was waiting pleasantly for their American guests, that were running around France giving themselves the horrors!"

"We can't go any farther," said The Owl, "because there aren't any more trains running!"

The Little Looey smiles coldly.

"I may be no soldier," said he, "but I

know how to get where I want to go. I have secured the services of an automobile. With a woman driver. British. She's a Wack, Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps. She's going up to Château-Thierry to bring out some girls and she's offered us a ride as far as there. It'll save us half a day of train travel. Pick up the suitcase and come on!"

Outside was a green truck, with a kind of a rugged-looking girl driving it. The Little Looey and The Owl sat on the front seat and I sat in back, so that I couldn't hear what the girl talked about, but I heard her speak her mind to a few French truck drivers going out through the town, and it sounded as though she had a good vocabulary.

For a while, on the road that goes by the monument to Napoleon's last victory, traffic was thick. It was my first sight of the French army functioning as such. They had great big overgrown trucks, with two little Chinamen on the front seat, one driving and the other asleep. They must have come from a long way, because they were all covered with dust. The trucks were full of horses, guns, and soldiers, their equipment hanging on the truck sides. Then we swung north on a deserted road. Over the first hill I got a shock. Lady, I knew then that we were heading for trouble. I saw my first refugees. War is a lot of fun for a young lad with no dependents, but it's tough on the civilian population. I'm a hard man, but I could have wept right there. More than that, I'd never had anything against the Germans until then, but the thought that any power would come down into France and drive poor people from their homes like this made me foam at the mouth. I will say this, lady, from my heart, that later on, when the choice

was mine to stay in the hole, or go out and do my duty, the times that I went out it was because the thought of those refugees drove me to it.

I'm not going to describe them in detail. What's the use? They were mostly old people, with women and kids. They had a wheelbarrow, or a cart, and what few things they had been able to grab. A few cows, here and there some chickens with their legs tied, and most every little girl had a kitten in her arms. The farther north we went, the more refugees we saw. The place was covered with them. It looked like a Sunday School picnic. From a distance. Close up—it was no picnic.

Then we rolled down hill into Château-Thierry.

"We get out here," says the Little Looey. "I understand from this lady that Vailly is only about an hour's drive from here. She's been there often."

"Sorry I can't take you up there," says the WAAC. "I'm to get my girls at the town hall. Cheerio!" She was gone, leaving the three of us in front of the Hôtel Elephant. It's the same place that after the war was called the Methodist Memorial, right by the bridge. There were some French officers just leaving the place.

"Ask them," says the Little Looey, "if we can find some means of transportation to Vailly."

I asked them, saluting first. They wouldn't even answer me.

"I thought you knew how to speak French!" says the Little Looey.

"Well," remarked The Owl, "this place looks like a nice town to spend Sunday in."

We wandered across the street to a column of ambulances, me still carrying the suitcase. It appeared, after I had inquired, that the ambulances were waiting

there to pick up wounded coming down with the troops. They had orders not to go beyond Château-Thierry. I'll never forget hearing for the first time, while I was talking to a driver, that question that was to ring in my ears for months:

"Where are the Boches?"

Nobody knew. Fère-en-Tardenois, said some. Dormans, said others. Uhlans had been seen at La Ferté. We know now that this was all hop, there weren't any Uhlans, and the Germans at that time were up on the Ourcq, about twelve miles away. But to be in a town already empty of its civilian population, its windows all shuttered and barred, and to see the army that stood between you and those twelve-miles-away Germans hauling their tails across the bridge just as fast as they could go, made you believe anything.

"There must be some way of getting to Vailly," said the Little Looey petulantly.

"Now, listen, lieutenant," expostulates The Owl, "don't let's be ridiculous about this thing. I think this game is over. The crowd is going home, isn't it? It's obvious that we can't get to Vailly."

"What's your suggestion, then?" barks the Little Looey. "Where do we go now? You saw the devilish time I had getting anywhere when I had orders to go there. How in the name of sense am I going to get anywhere else when I haven't even the authority for it?"

"You tell 'em," groans The Owl. "I stutter."

"Then unless you have something constructive to offer, kindly refrain from criticizing."

We went back across the bridge, me in rear with the suitcase. There were some French officers walking along with their canes, looking doggone solemn, now. I heard the Little Looey say to The Owl, "Of course I'm not going to insist that we go to Vailly if we have to walk. Nor if we find out definitely that the place has been captured. Of course not. But you know how excitable these French are, and I haven't any confidence in Nason at all. I don't think he speaks any more French than I do. I must be certain that we cannot carry out our orders."

On the far side of the bridge was a French general, standing there with a couple of aides, just watching the stream of trucks, automobiles and ambulances pouring over the bridge. He had a gray beard, shaped like a spade, and a lot of decorations. I busted right up to him, saluted, said that I was with two American officers that had been ordered to Vailly, and asked him what we ought to do about it.

"Go home," said he. "Go home, the war is over."

"My general, I do not understand so well the French language. Will you please repeat that?"

The old general pointed to the stream of traffic.

"Voilà l'armée Française qui fout le camp! On n'a (Continued on page 42)

*...that swell
Velvet aroma
tells the
story*

—the MILDNESS
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

—the FLAVOR
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE
TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

*Better
smoking
tobacco*

Copyright 1938, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The Suitcase of the Marne

(Continued from page 41)

qu'à regarder pour comprendre!" Which means, lady, freely translated that there was his army going home, and that even a dumb American ought to understand that.

Farther on across the bridge was a tin thing, in the middle of a little square. There was a big pile of packs outside it. There was a company of French soldiers across the road under the trees. One would come over, take off his pack, throw it down, go into the tin thing, come out the other side and wander down the road. When a truck slowed down to go over the railroad bridge that was there, he'd hop the truck and go south with it. Easy to understand *that* little by-play.

"I've a mind," said the Little Looey earnestly, "to go down there and arrest every one of those sons that goes over that bridge."

"Put on your new boots," sneers The Owl, "so they'll be sure you're an officer."

I took it upon myself to laugh. The war was getting over fast, and the spirit of indiscipline was in the air. Anyway, wasn't I carrying the bag? I ought to rate a laugh.

Well, now, what do we do? The two looeys hold a deep council. The situation was serious, and even civilians in uniform like they were could see it. They came over to me where I was sitting on the suitcase.

"Sergeant," begins the Little Looey, "have you any thought on what we should do?"

"Yes, sir," said I. "How about eating?"

"Ah, God bless it, that's all the help you get from a soldier!" roared the Little Looey. "When do we eat? The heavens can fall, empires crumble, a war be lost right in front of our eyes, and he wants to eat!"

"Going hungry never won any wars that I heard of, sir!"

"Well, what the hell d'yuh think I am, a magician? When the miracle of the loaves and fishes was pulled off, at least they had a can of sardines to start with."

"When we left La Courtine, it was understood that part of your duty would be to look after the food. You speak French—scatter around and get us a little snack!" Thus speaks The Owl. Even The Owl was turning against me.

So I left them. I was to see about food, and they were to wait until I came back. My first idea was to go over to that pile of sacks behind the tin thing. When I got there I found out two gendarmes had been posted to prevent any more exits

from the firing line that way, and also to keep an eye on the abandoned packs. I asked one of the gendarmes where there might be a chance on a little handout. I will say that his reply was cool, not to say downright inhospitable.

"Blah-blah-blah!" he mumbled under his moustache. "*T'en fais pas! T'auras ton affaire regler d'ici le soir!*" He used that expression again, id est and to wit, "*foutre le camp*"—it's a very bad expression in French, although meaningless when translated. He was mad. He muttered something about the Somme, and what a help the English were, individually and as a race. Wherever you put them, he said, they could be counted on to haul tail.

"I'm not English, I'm an American!" I protested. He figured, from my accent and khaki uniform, I must be English.

"Well, you're all the same!" says he

leather cap. I asked him where I might get something to eat.

"Ah, les salauds!" he says. His eye was wild, he was about two-thirds screwy. "I heard them going by in the night. I thought it was troops being relieved. But they walked by themselves, each man, you could tell it was a mob. I asked them what went on. 'The Boches are at Villeneuve!' Never a word to wake a man up and give him a chance to get out. All night our troops went by. Wait until you see them! They'll be down!"

"Food!" says I. "Manjay, manjay! Never mind the Boches. Where are the sardines?"

"Young man," says he, "you better get off this bridge! I tell you the Boches are on our heels!"

Away he went, to get on the far side of the Marne.

I went back to report. Lady, there's something about being scared and being alone that is terrible. As long as I was with somebody, it wasn't so bad. Maybe that's why horses always gang up when they're frightened. I went back to my two looeys, small comforters as they were. The French infantry had begun to come down, now, and the sight would scare anybody. When someone doubts who won the war, you tell them you talked to a guy that was there when it was lost. This infantry was worse than a mob, it was a riot. They'd been running for two days to keep ahead of the Germans, and had no more organization than a flock of sheep. They were mostly Senegalese that went by me. There was a limber without any gun went by, with black soldiers hanging to it like flies. There must have been two dozen on it, anyway. Just before it got to me, a whole company took it by assault. They snowed it under, the horses couldn't pull the thing. You won't believe it, but the drivers got off, cut the traces, and rode away on the

horses, leaving the limber in the road, with the Senegalese still standing on it, refusing to leave it. You see they were just in a mad panic, that limber meant safety to them, and you couldn't get them off it, even when it ceased to move, any more than you can get a horse out of a burning barn. There were officers walking along by themselves, aviation mechanics still in their overalls, medical corps men with no equipment, no stretchers, no nothing. A lot of them, when they got to me, would begin to run, stagger, fall



"Well, I soloed today!"

through his moustache. "Go home, the war is over. Go on, circulate, before we put you and the rest of them in the mill for straggling!"

Château-Thierry is a sizeable town. It's the last suburb of Paris to the east, the place where the commuting trains make their final stop. But the shops were all closed and barred, the Elephant Hotel had been barricaded, the place was a desert. Just trucks, all headed the same way, hauling tail as fast as they could. I did meet one civilian, an old man in a

down. Some cried, and some began to yell.

I thought it was me, at first, that affected them, but I doped out after a while that I was standing right where they could see the Marne. Some of them had been running since the day before, and the Marne was their goal. It snapped them out of the dope, a little, when they saw that little river, and the sweep of green hills beyond. Forgive me, lady, but that retreating army came out of the hills in gulps, like a guy putting his lunch. First a torrent, then a space of several minutes, then another torrent. Across the fields, down the alleys, anywhere to get to the river, then they'd flow along the roads to the bridge, and fight each other for a chance to cross.

I went back to my looey to report and suggest that we'd better be going ourselves. Huh! Imagine. They were still back at the tin thing, but they were talking to an American officer, and eating hash out of a can with their jack knives.

"Sure," agrees the Little Looey, "we know the French are retreating, but everything will be all right now some American troops have come up. We'll have somebody here with some sense in a little while that will tell us what to do."

This American outfit that had appeared was the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, a unit of my own Division, only I didn't even know that I belonged to a Division in those days, much less which one it was. The officer my two were talking to didn't know much about the situation. His outfit was a motorized machine-gun battalion they had plucked from somewhere and hurried up to Château-Thierry to cover the bridgehead until the French could blow up the bridge. He said there were two gun crews up in front of the town hall that were standing by, but that no one expected to hold up the Imperial German Army with two machine guns.

"For a nickel," said the machine-gun officer, "I'd let a couple of clips go into this mob. What a bunch of lunatics! They've begun to break into houses down the street and loot. Looking for food and wine!"

"Food and wine?" I pricked up my ears. "Lieutenant," said I, "do you suppose, if I went down the road, maybe some of those looters might have dropped a can of tomatoes or a piece of bread?"

"Go ahead!" snaps the Little Looey. "Maybe you'll surprise us pleasantly by being some use at last."

Up I leaped to dash away, but the Little Looey calls, "Halt!"

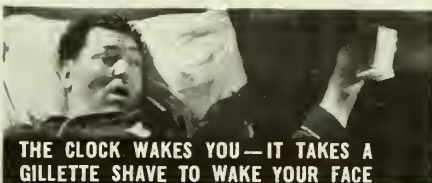
"Take my suitcase!" he orders. "It's your job to look after it. If we have to move around we can't be burdened down with baggage!"

I went into some of those houses to see what damage was being caused by the looters. They were smashing the gizzard out of everything, looking for food, but the places (Continued on page 44)

WIRE-HAIRED TERROR



● Jack Dempsey's face is always on parade. In his famous New York restaurant at 8th Ave. and 50th St., he greets world celebrities every night. And he's got a beard that's a terror. So shaving is *important* to him. "In my daily rounds with tough beard," says Dempsey, "I've no time to spar around with experiments—no temper for nicks or half-shaves. So when I shave myself, I use a Gillette Blade in my Gillette Razor. I've tried other methods, but this combination takes the fight out of my whiskers in a hurry—gives me clean, close shaves that *really last!*"



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PRECISION—MADE FOR EACH OTHER

Gillette Blades

MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

The Suitcase of the Marne

(Continued from page 43)

seemed to be just out of chow. Every house, though, had a wine cellar, and the bottles had been too heavy to carry away. It all tasted the same that I sampled, only some kinds seemed to have a delayed action fuse on them. There was no result for a while, then they exploded.

Those looters were crazy. They'd take wings like a flock of birds, because someone would yell that a comrade in the next house had found a loaf of bread. Always they'd run when they saw me, figuring I was a new kind of cop, I guess. They had the jitters. I walked into one big house and just gave a yell, and the place was clear in five seconds. I had a bottle of champagne there. Out in the front yard I discovered a civilian with two dogs. He was blowing a horn for some unknown reason, but the horn didn't make any noise. I walked over to him to ask him what the idea was, and fell into a fountain that was there. The cold water sobered me so that I could see the horn-blowing man and his dogs was a statue in the middle of this pool. On an empty stomach, all those different kinds of bottled sunshine had put me into quite a glow. From somewhere in the golden mist appeared my Little Looley.

"So!" I could hear his voice saying. "Found at last! Where's my suitcase, you human sponge?"

The suitcase? I couldn't even remember. I waved my hand vaguely. It was in Château-Thierry somewhere.

"I'll gladly pay for the suitcase," says The Owl, "if you'll tell me where you got the beaut you're carrying."

I pointed. A vague gesture, but they

found the place. Lady, did you ever see a man brought up on ice cream sodas, that had tackled his first red wine, white wine, champagne, and cognac on an empty stomach? In the night The Owl appealed to me for some suggestion as to how we could sober up the Little Looley. I knew. We took him back to the fountain by the horn-blowing man. Haha! Lady, did I dunk him by his Sam Browne!

In the shank of the night the French blew up the bridge. You don't need to listen to this if you don't want to. The engineers had left a second bridge a few hundred yards up river for the retreating troops to cross on, but that bridge was off the main road, and no one would listen to the guides that tried to direct them to it.

The remnants of the army just boiled right down the main road until they came to the bridge that had been blown up, and right off the end of it into the river, like the Gadarene swine. An hour or so of that made even the Little Looley sober. He tried to find the machine-gun officer, but he'd gone. That machine gunner had troubles of his own. When the bridge went up, it had left his two gun crews on the wrong side of it.

"Come on!" said the Little Looley finally, "let's get the hell out of here!"

We walked most of the night, dodging trucks, and lost, until we got to a town called Sablonnières. There was a little café on the corner, and the man let us sleep on some benches.

The next day we got a ride with a lad driving an American S. S. U. ambulance, working with the French. He said he

guessed the war was over. He took us to Jouy-sur-Morin, because he knew of a jerk train we could get there and so get back to Troyes. We didn't get the train until that afternoon, and that's when the first Germans appeared in front of Château-Thierry. Just a couple of machine-gun crews, I heard. I wasn't there.

We had another conference when we got to Montmirail. The two looleys were going to Chaumont, to report what had happened. There being no suitcase to carry, and they finding out my French was more or less of a myth, they didn't need me and advised me to return to La Courtine, where I'd started from.

They got me a travel order, good for rail transport anywhere. "*Pour Isolé, Sans Chevaux et Sans Bagages*," it said. "For a guy without horse or baggage." Did I have fun with that later on! But anyway, not then. I was pretty sad, lady. I'd figured this war had been arranged just so I could pass analytic chemistry and calculus, but it now seemed to me that there was more to it. While I was pounding back to La Courtine, I made up my mind that I was going to give up running around the world, baiting officers, and driving poor privates mad. I was going back to my regiment, like the Prodigal Son, and buckle right down and be a soldier, and do my best to beat these Germans, if it wasn't too late already.

"AND did they slay the fatted calf for you when you finally got back to your own regiment?" asked the lady.

"Huh! They did not! They slammed me in the mill for being AWOL!"

They've Got To Be Tough

(Continued from page 23)

bring the crowds to their feet, but most of the real fighting in a hockey game is done under cover and with the butt ends of sticks. When you see a player spitting teeth it usually means that he has just made the tactical error of looking down under circumstances when he should have kept his head up. One of the hardest lessons in hockey is that which calls for handling the puck by feel while keeping a watchful eye on your opponents. Those who refuse to learn that lesson usually lose their teeth.

Forceful prodding with the butt end of a stick is illegal in hockey, of course, but such prods are accepted by the players as part of the game. The unforgiveable offense is the use of skates as weapons. Many men are badly cut by skates but this is almost always accidental. The man who intentionally uses his skates on an-

other man, no matter what the provocation, will do well to quit hockey immediately afterward. A man ran wild on a rink in Canada one night and sliced with his skates deep into the heels of two opposing players. The athletes were crippled for life, and hockey men still shiver when they think about it.

The players go out on the ice pretty well protected against most eventualities. They wear metal protectors where they need them most and shoulder guards, knee-pads, ankle-braces, chest guards. They tape and pad spots that are still tender as the result of old injuries and their chests, abdomens and kidneys usually are protected. Body blows rarely knock them out but as though to prove that rule with an exception Al Murray, one of the toughest little men in hockey, was the victim of one last year.

Al went into a game wearing a sponge chest pad that was cut an inch too high and a stomach pad that was cut half-an-inch too low, leaving his solar plexus without artificial protection. It just happened that a whizzing puck hit him squarely in the unpadded sector. Bob Fitzsimmons couldn't have done it prettier. Al dropped to the ice, knocked out.

One player gave way to temperament a couple of years ago and crocked a couple of people by smacking them over their heads with his stick. He is a terrifically powerful man. The skull of one victim was fractured while the other man suffered a severe concussion. For a while after that helmets bloomed through hockey's big leagues and there was talk of making them virtually compulsory. But that wasn't done and many of the helmets bought at that time have since

been discarded. Hockey players like to be recognized by the crowd when they've made a good shot and helmets foster anonymity. It was explained that the helmets were too hot.

A fractured skull is perhaps the greatest danger that a player faces as an occupational hazard, but the most dreaded injuries are those that affect the knee or the ankle.

As is the case with most athletes, hockey players are good as long as their legs are good, and a leg injury is the accident most certain to cut down the years during which they can hope to earn from \$3,000 to \$7,000 per season for playing their favorite game.

Most leg and ankle fractures are the results of long slides into the boards or snappy crack-ups against the net posts. Last season the Detroit Red Wings lost two men, Doug Young and Orville Roulston, both of whom suffered broken legs.

Young skidded about half the length of the rink at Madison Square Garden and ended with a crash against the boards. One leg was broken and was kept in a cast through most of December and all of January. One night on his home ice in the last second of play Roulston, the second member of that Detroit team, slipped into the net and broke his leg on one of the uprights.

These things are likely to happen to any player at any time. Men are continually being checked or tripped to the ice and if they are going fast when they fall—as they usually are—there is no telling where or how they'll end up. Superstitious rites and good luck charms are about the only aids they have, and they use these rather freely to ward off accidents and defeats.

A good many of the players are college men and when they are questioned about their superstitions they deny having any. Yet some carry rabbit's feet, others wear four-leaf clovers, and the New York Rangers honor black cats. A set order in which teams enter the arena is almost always observed. Nels Stewart keeps a shredded stick for special use in ending slumps, and he is one of the few players who still make a fetish of underwear.

In the old days of the famed Silver Seven, the Montreal Wanderers, when seven men were on a hockey team and Newsy Lalonde, Cyclone Taylor and the Patrick brothers were the great heroes of the game, a player would no more think of having his underwear washed than he'd think of chopping off his right hand. The thick woolen suits would be worn until they could stand alone and on beyond that time until there was not enough left of them to stand up.

This superstition persisted until the game spread to the United States after the World War and heated arenas became the scene of professional hockey. A certain self-consciousness about gamey underwear slowly developed and now the custom has pretty much died out.

The noted bad (Continued on page 46)

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They've Got To Be Tough

(Continued from page 45)

men of the ice also are passing. The stars of today don't spend as much time in the penalty box as their forerunners did. Players with color and fury are still in demand, of course, and always will be, but with the growth of big league organization the man who spends too much of his time in chokey is losing caste, for he weakens his team.

In hockey's earlier days the game cocks of the ice were also the outstanding scorers. Team play was little known and the fightingest player pushed himself to the top of the heap. If he was good enough

he could sometimes pick up as much as \$1,000 for one game in a Canadian mining camp where the hockey fever happened to be raging.

The stars then earned their money. The miners would come to the show well lubricated and with strong partisan ideas. The rinks usually were out of doors, of course, though sometimes a canvas tent would be put up to ward off the snow and part of the wind. The customers carried bricks as footwarmers and they often decided to risk a cold for the pleasure of tossing the brick at a player. The visi-

tor who got too close to the boards stood an excellent chance of getting a shot of tobacco juice in the eye. After the game the miners sometimes lined up along the road to the railroad station and visiting teams were expected to fight their way to safety.

Now men with a head for business have taken over the game and its speed and color are earning large profits. Hockey stars are protected from the customers, but hockey is still close enough to its heritage to be played by men who never know when they have had enough.

A Farmer Goes to Philadelphia

(Continued from page 11)

for 1786 had not been paid, \$500 was due for the improvements on the residence and \$2000 remained of the obligation to Clinton. The reason for this, in addition to Washington's excessive expenses, was that the prices of farm produce, low at the end of the war, had sunk to about half of normal. To clear himself the General advertised some of his land for sale, but there were no takers.

Yet, considering the obstacles, he had done remarkably well. Had the country, meaning John Doe, farmer, Richard Roe, shopkeeper, and all other individuals who comprised it, done half so well the outlook would not have been so black; for the prosperity of a nation is the sum of the prosperity of its citizens. Poverty, hopelessness, desperation stalked the land. Each report which travelers and letters and newspapers brought to the thoughtful farmer at Mount Vernon's fireside seemed worse than the last.

The Federal Government's paper currency was worthless, and it had no other. The coins of half a dozen nations were the sole monetary medium that commanded respect, and the counterfeiting of these was an active industry. Some of the States had issued their own paper money, only to have it lose practically all value. Bands of unemployed men roamed city streets and fought pitched battles with bailiffs seeking to evict them for non-payment of rent. Jails were filled with debtors, excepting where friends of the prisoners had broken down the bars. In New Jersey several court houses had been nailed shut to prevent further processes against the insolvent. In Virginia a few had been burned. Massachusetts debtors had risen in armed rebellion under Captain Daniel Shays, a Revolutionary veteran of seven years' service. Vermont was out of the Union. Rhode Island virtually out. Western North Carolina had seceded under the name of the State of

Franklin. Western Virginia, called Kentucky, prepared to secede, putting out feelers for an alliance with Spain. British troops remained on our frontier soil in the expectation that presently they would be welcomed back as deliverers.

Many good Americans believed their coming the only solution. The blessings of liberty for which we had fought seemed a mockery. Republican government, as provided by the Articles of Confederation holding thirteen petty republics in a loose union with no central head and virtually no central authority, was a failure. The minds of many men turned to the only other form of government they knew—monarchy. Our return to British rule was freely predicted. Such shadow of central authority as existed resided in a Federal Congress, the president of which was an ordinarily sensible Massachusetts merchant named Nathaniel Gorham. In 1786 Gorham privately caused Prince Henry of Prussia, a brother of Frederick the Great, to be sounded on a proposal to save America from anarchy or from England.

Calmly, as befits a chieftain, Washington received each succeeding item of unpleasant news. To trusted friends he revealed the depth of his concern. Gorham's proposal shocked him. Was America on the verge of an "irrevocable" step, he asked John Jay. Washington hoped for a solution of the country's difficulties by the same means as had solved his own at Mount Vernon: the intelligent exercise of authority and management.

This hope grew when in 1786 a proposal was circulated among the States for a convention at Philadelphia to suggest ways of improving the Government. Washington encouraged the idea, but when Virginia appointed him a delegate to the convention he declined on the ground that, having formally announced his retirement from public life on leaving

the Army, he should keep his word. From all quarters friends bore down on the General to reconsider, and when 1787 opened with the outlook darker than it had been since Valley Forge, Washington consented to serve. With another Virginia delegate, James Madison, he engaged modest quarters at Mrs. House's boarding house in Philadelphia, and at sunrise on May 9th a small carriage was ferried across the Potomac and the planter began his northward journey.

On Sunday, May 13th, the carriage, escorted by a troop of mounted militia and surrounded by a cheering throng, halted in front of Mrs. House's. As the baggage was being unloaded Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris made their way through the crowd—and Mrs. House lost her prospective lodger, so strongly did the Morrisses press on him an invitation to be their guest. Robert Morris was the banker who had organized the finances of the Revolution. His three-story brick mansion in Market Street was one of the finest private residences in America. A little later Washington emerged from his elegant quarters to call on eighty-one-year-old Benjamin Franklin, easily the second most distinguished citizen of the United States.

On the following morning, the date fixed for the meeting of the convention, about a dozen men assembled at the State House, in which the Declaration of Independence had been signed. Men were present who had put their names to that document. Yet on this occasion only two States—Pennsylvania and Virginia—were fully represented, with scattering delegates from Delaware and North and South Carolina. There being no quorum, the convention adjourned. Day after day, for eleven days, this rite was repeated. Even Washington's spirits were low when, on May 25th, seven States, a majority of the thirteen, being represented, the conven-

tion organized and got down to business.

The delegates had had time to talk things over at their lodgings and in the coffee houses, Washington sometimes joining them. Only two names were in mind for presiding officer—Washington and Franklin, a situation which the venerable Philadelphian relieved by announcing that he would propose the name of Washington. Illness prevented his attendance on May 25th, however, and Robert Morris nominated the Virginian. His election was unanimous.

The chances are that the General was grateful for the honor, which would relieve him of the duty of taking part in the formal debates, a thing he always dreaded. In a graceful little speech Washington accepted the chairmanship, begging the members to excuse the errors he would make from ignorance of parliamentary matters. Thus was launched what we know as the constitutional convention, destined to be one of the remarkable bodies in the history of governments. At the time, however, the members of that body deemed themselves remarkable only for the discouragements that beset them. Nor did they call themselves a constitutional convention. They were gathered to try to save the country from extinction. Whether this could be done by patching up the old Articles of Confederation or by writing something new, called a constitution, they themselves found out only as they felt their way along.

The beginning was slow and painful. All through June and into July arriving

delegates straggled in; and as the meeting dragged on through a sultry summer absentees became a problem. Rhode Island declined to send any delegates and Vermont, not having subscribed to the Articles of Confederation, received no invitation to participate.

In his chair behind a desk raised a step or so above the common level Washington soon found himself in the position of an umpire between contending factions. Virginia submitted a projected scheme of government calling for a strong central authority under a single executive, New Jersey a plan calling for a weak central authority which, indeed, would perpetuate many of the errors of the dying Confederation. Washington's impartial rulings gave each side its say. The judicious calm and good temper of his manner discouraged acrimony without discouraging thought-provoking controversy.

Yet the delegates seemed hopelessly divided. The differences of opinion concerning an executive may serve as an example. Some contended that such power should be entrusted to no one man, but that we should have three presidents each ruling over a section of the country. Some would choose the president or presidents by popular vote, others by the state legislatures, others by the national Congress. Alexander Hamilton wanted a president chosen for life, a senate chosen for life and the governors of States to be appointed by Congress. When this idea of a monarchy under another name met with small favor Hamilton left for home in a huff. Washington (Continued on page 48)



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A Farmer Goes to Philadelphia

(Continued from page 47)

prevailed upon him to return to the work.

On Sundays the chairman usually rode into the country. Ripening grain and the labors of harvest gladdened his heart. As one farmer to another he spoke with those he met and critically inspected fields and flocks. Three times, when the convention adjourned to enable committees to catch up their work, Washington went on fishing trips. One such outing taking him to the region of Valley Forge, he deserted his companions to ride alone over the site of that encampment. In his diary that night the ex-Commander-in-Chief devoted one sentence to the sentimental aspects of the excursion and a lengthy paragraph to the views of a farmer on the culture of buckwheat, its value for fattening livestock and, mixed with potatoes, as a diet for weaning colts.

Back in the State House differences of opinion were being composed and the frame for a new government worked into shape. Washington's influence on this achievement was profound, though he took no part in the debates. Five times, however, he left the chair to vote on the floor with the other members of the Vir-

ginia delegation. Three of these votes were highly important. One was cast in favor of a resolution for a single executive, one against a resolution providing for the selection of that executive by Congress and one to give the House of Representatives the exclusive privilege of introducing revenue measures.

Excepting in his capacity as presiding officer, Washington addressed the convention only once. This came on the last day, September 17th. The constitution was finished and a copy engrossed for signing lay before the members when Delegate Nathaniel Gorham of Massachusetts—he who a year before had thought only a monarchical form of government could save us—moved an amendment to increase the membership in the lower house of Congress.

Mr. Gorham wanted one representative for each 30,000 instead of each 40,000 of population. Washington, who had been writing, arose with a pen in his hand. He said he desired to support the amendment, which would give a more republican cast to the new government. Without a dissenting vote the change was made,

though earlier the convention had wrangled for days over this same point.

The document signed, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon Chairman Washington pronounced the convention adjourned sine die, to reassemble unofficially at the City Tavern for dinner and a parting glass. After this social hour General Washington walked home with his host, retiring immediately to his chamber, "to meditate," as he wrote, "on the momentous w[or]k which had been executed."

Momentous, indeed, must have seemed that work, and grave the reflections of the Virginia planter who knew, as every member of the convention knew, that upon George Washington would fall the responsibility of giving life to the untried Constitution as the first President of the United States.

The following day the General was on his way to Mount Vernon. Arriving after an absence of nineteen weeks and three days, the next entry in his journal began:

"The hands were getting out Wheat and Rye, and the Plows were putting in [winter] Wheat in field No. 6."

The Life and Death of Charles G. Clement

(Continued from page 17)

soon was performing a man's work with his father and brothers, raising bean crops while sufficient years passed for the fruit trees to bear. It is a mark of the deeply religious family environment that when, by dint of struggle and hard work, Andrew Clement had accumulated twenty thousand dollars, with prospects of even greater prosperity ahead, he moved his family back to the South because the Colorado authorities permitted the playing of baseball on the Sabbath. "I would not have my sons grow up in such an atmosphere of godlessness," he declared.

Andrew Clement spent most of the substantial nestegg he brought from Colorado in establishing a Baptist school in Georgia. To recoup his fortunes he again went West, to Idaho, where he successfully cultivated bees, leaving his elder sons to complete their education in the South. At Mercer College Charles and his brother frequently were obliged to borrow money to complete their schooling.

Thus Charles's background included an uncompromising religious training (he joined the church at the age of twelve); a boyhood spent at hard manual labor in the fields, precluding the give and take of normal childhood games and play, self-reliance prompting his goal of education.

It would not be truthful to say that Charles Clement was a popular figure on

the campus at Mercer. By virtue of consistent high marks he was regarded by his fellows with pride as a ranking student, but the word brilliant is inept. His scholastic standing was gained by eternal study, the same hard application in which he had been trained from boyhood. Consequently there attended a neglect of social contacts. He was, in brief, a "grind," yet he was not of the physical weakling type so often associated with the university bookworm. Conscious of his small stature, he applied himself to building up his body with the same earnestness that he devoted to study. In boxing, wrestling, swimming, tennis and riding he was above the average in skill, but his choice of sports was not the type where team-play was involved.

Until he was twenty he had never touched liquor. Thereafter he used intoxicants only on infrequent occasions. He was conscious of his inability to mingle easily with other men.

Five years' experience as a high-school teacher following his graduation did not supply the opportunity to make up this deficiency in his character. A strict disciplinarian, he was rated an efficient teacher far above the average, but he found pleasure only in work. At the age of twenty-five, when the war drums rolled over the nation, he still had to

master human understanding, had yet to learn the vagaries of human nature. Almost literally what Charles Clement knew of life he had learned from books instead of from realistic human contacts.

Neither the parents nor acquaintances of Charles Clement recall that he was ever deeply stirred by the enemy acts which eventually brought this country into the World War on the side of the Allies. It was pure patriotism, though perhaps abstract, which prompted him to apply for admission to the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort McPherson on May 11, 1917.

The career of the young schoolmaster at training camp was wholly in keeping with his background and character. By dint of concentration and hard work he received a commission as a captain. Assigned to Camp Gordon he was designated commander of Company E, 328th Infantry, Eighty-second Division, then in process of organization.

He excelled as an administrator. Amid the constant flux of transfers of trained men and the substitution of rookies, his company was rated highly, just as Charles Clement had excelled as a student at Mercer and in his career of school teacher. His sole defect as a company commander was caused by his lack of understanding men. He did not mingle

socially with his own lieutenants, inspiring that esprit de corps which makes for the most effective military unit. He simply could not delegate authority, in his consciousness of his own exacting standards. He was, in brief, something of a martinet.

His father recalls that he once asked him by what method he conducted his company. Captain Clement answered, "I would not ask any man to do anything that I cannot or would not do." That standard had obvious weaknesses because it did not allow for human values. Yet it must be emphasized that when Charles Clement became a private he applied that standard to himself.

Yet this weakness as a company commander, if such it was, was not apparent to other company commanders and field officers of the regiment. Company E and its energetic skipper were rated highly. With Captain Clement's short but stocky body went a voice of deep bass volume, and because of this combination he was good-naturedly called "Little Nap."

Little more than eight months from the day of its organization the Eighty-Second Division (nicknamed the All-American because its original quota of Southern men had largely been replaced by men from the northern training camps), sailed for overseas. The Division was assigned to the British to draw equipment and for training.

Up to that time the associates of Charles Clement who were with him daily can recall but two occasions when he joined with them in drinking. Both instances revealed that he could not handle liquor. A few drinks overpowered him. Now with the British, the matter of drinking took on a new aspect. Whiskey was not far from the ordinary beverage of officers. The Tommies as a matter of course received their daily rum ration. It is not to be represented that such common and open use of liquor appalled the average American. He accepted the situation according to his own tastes in such matters. But there can be little question that young Captain Clement, as an ambitious novice in warfare, observed with keen interest the conduct and habits of the British veterans. He spent much of his leisure in their company. He drank with them, but not sufficiently to interfere with his efficiency as a company commander. He remained an amateur and infrequent drinker.

When the Division was withdrawn from the British front and sent to relieve the Yankee Division in the Toul sector early in June, Captain Clement carried with him in his bedding roll two bottles of Scotch presented him by friendly British officers. That he did not remove the first cork until the fateful night of July 1st is sufficient testimony to his ordinary sobriety.

The Toul sector into which the All-American Division moved on the night of June 26th was at its quietest. The

enemy after two disastrous blows against the British had repeated their success against the French along the lightly-held Chemin-des-Dames. They had suffered a check in a fourth operation against the French Army of General Mangin on June 9th and 19th, and now the Imperial High Command was massing forces for a great offensive it believed would open the high road to Paris, at the same time assembling another overpowering army in Flanders to capture the British channel ports.

Not for more than two months had there been activity worthy of the name in the Toul sector. Indeed, Brigadier General J. R. Lindsey of the 164th Brigade expressed the humorous opinion that the enemy lines were held only by a one-legged Landwehr making nightly round of the trenches to set off signal flares to simulate evidence of occupation.

Whether the sector was lightly held or not, no green American troops taking over a front-line sector for the first time failed to experience qualms of trepidation at the prospect of action, however eager they were to establish battle contact.

The area assigned to the 328th Infantry marked the western limits of the sector, connecting with the French. By reason of scattered ponds lying between the American and German lines, the distance separating the two opposing forces in the area assigned the 328th Infantry was about five hundred yards. Both the battalion P. C. and the P. C. of E Company were located in what remained of the little village of Bouconville, another kilometer behind the American outposts.

Day and night patrols under command of platoon leaders were sent out, but there was no immediate contact with the enemy, although occasionally shells fell within the American lines. At such times nervous sentries invariably sounded the gas alarm sirens, whether or not gas shells actually were falling.

As normal trepidation over a new experience passed after the first few days in the lines, there was general disappointment throughout the Division that no contact with the enemy had been made. Captain Clement, always anxious for his company to excel, had expressed his own disappointment that E Company's patrols had not taken a prisoner. One of his lieutenants, a former classmate at Mercer, took his criticism as personal. He suggested that Captain Clement accompany his patrol. Without asking authority, Captain Clement did join the lieutenant's party. Beating through a small wood at one end of a lake between the lines, they found no Germans. Thereafter Captain Clement visited battalion headquarters to request that he be designated as leader of a patrol. There is no question that it was his ambition to be first in the Division to capture an enemy prisoner. Through his insistence, the request was granted on July 1st.

The patrol (Continued on page 50)



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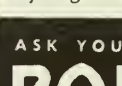
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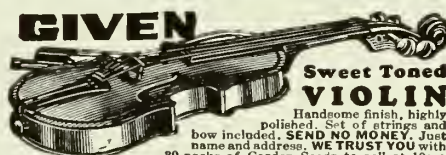
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The Life and Death of Charles G. Clement

(Continued from page 49)

was to be conducted at night. It was to consist of some twenty members. Its purpose was to penetrate the enemy lines and take prisoners. Captain Clement ordered that its members should meet him at a point in E Company's front covered by the first platoon.

Here there must arise some conjecture as to the reasons for Captain Clement's having resorted to drink before starting out. He wrote his parents that it was because of fatigue. That excuse is plausible if it is considered that an administrative weakness of the young school teacher was his inability to delegate authority. In the occupation of the lines, and five days of service there, if the captain had felt it his duty to check up on every detail of company functions he might very well have been weary to the point of exhaustion, prompting the idea of need of a drink.

Several of his lieutenants testify that Captain Clement acted strangely during that initial period, which very well might have been a consequence of mental and physical fatigue. On the other hand, the veteran British philosophy had unquestionably been impressed upon him that a drink helped take one through tight places. We have Captain Clement's own testimony that the dugout was dark and that instead of pouring out a drink in a receptacle, he drank from the bottle, and that some minutes later he repeated the operation. The lieutenant who reported Captain Clement's condition when he was brought back from the patrol states emphatically that the odor of whiskey was in the captain's canteen.

Whether or not the drinking was done in the dugout or from the canteen on the way to the assembly point, it is certain that Captain Clement showed evidence of having drunk more than he could handle upon his arrival at the point of departure. So obvious was the fact that Lieutenant W. O. Winston attempted to dissuade him from starting out. This suggestion Captain Clement would not heed. Members of the patrol, however, at first did not suspect that their leader was otherwise than normal.

They were well out into No Man's land when their suspicions were first aroused. Captain Clement carried with him a reed cane such as French poilus sold to American officers. With the hard metal point of the cane Captain Clement was striking at stones and other obstacles. Moreover he was eating pecans, the noise of the breaking pecan shells sounding sharply in the still night. At times he would stand upright.

The patrol was through the first enemy wires when Sergeant George R. Cunningham, senior non-commissioned officer present, approached the captain to urge that he be quieter. The odor of liquor, he reported, was strong on the captain's breath.

As the party crawled toward the second enemy wire Captain Clement began talking loudly. His remarks were drunken braggadocio. He was going right through the German army to Berlin and capture the Kaiser, he announced in his normal loud tones. Through the second wire it was apparent that the captain

could not proceed further without endangering all the members of the patrol. His legs were buckling. At that point Sergeant Cunningham decided to take command. He ordered the return of the patrol. Captain Clement was by that time rather helplessly drunk. It became necessary to support him, then carry him bodily, as the anxious patrol members sought their way back in the dark through the openings they had cut through the enemy wire. The patrol got back safely without being fired upon.

Lieutenant C. R. Hopper, through whose platoon section the patrol returned, knew of the occurrence first when Sergeant Cunningham, white and somewhat shaken from the experience, appeared to report what he had been forced to do. Naturally the sergeant was concerned as to his authority for taking the action he had. He asked if what he had done was a courtmartial offense. Lieutenant Hopper assured him that if the circumstances were as he described them, he had done exactly right, but on the sergeant's invitation to come up from the dugout and "see the captain lying in the trench," Lieutenant Hopper declined. A man ten years older than the captain, with an excellent civilian reputation as a dam engineer before the war, Hopper felt that if the serious incident passed it would never happen again. He did not wish to be called upon to testify as to the captain's condition. Thereupon Captain Clement was carried back to his P. C. quarters in Bouconville.

(To be concluded)

Minds on the Mend

(Continued from page 13)

Legion. The Legislature too has at all times since 1920 co-operated in the carrying out of the program for our mentally disabled comrades. Our Illinois lawmakers have always given unanimous support to our rehabilitation and legislative commissions, the latter being headed by Past Department Commander Arthur G. Poorman. The posts at Jacksonville and Elgin and Rock Island, Union and Madison counties, located near these state hospitals, have been the spearhead through the years, backing up our legislative and rehabilitation commissions in the Illinois plan. In addition to the 500-bed colonies at Elgin and Jacksonville there are veteran community-cottages at the state hospitals in East Moline and Alton, each of them capable of caring for 150 patients.

Right here I should like to pay tribute to A. L. Bowen, Director of the State's

Department of Public Welfare, a broad-minded executive to whose vision we are indebted for the community type of construction used at our state institutions. Mr. Bowen exercises supervision not only over these institutions, but over the training schools and penitentiaries as well, and does a superlatively fine job of it. Speaking of the interrelated problems of mental and physical illness, out of his experience of more than forty years of service, he said recently, "The wisdom of the medical world today recognizes no line between physical and so-called mental and nervous diseases. Physical diseases are influenced by mental factors and in turn reflect themselves in mental or nervous afflictions; the simplest surgical operation may project itself through fear and apprehension into a pathological mental state. . . .

"This intimate inter-relationship which

practically erases all lines of demarcation has brought medical education and the administration of welfare institutions into agreement that they should join their forces in research in the psychic field."

Director Bowen, speaking at the dedication of the veterans' cottage at Alton State Hospital, commended The American Legion for its public service in securing the new type of community-cottage construction. It was his feeling that in so doing we have developed a real contribution in a higher standard of care of the mentally ill, both veteran and non-veteran. To quote Mr. Bowen:

"I have always been deeply interested in the development of our state hospitals for mental diseases. I have recognized the veteran's right to the very best hospitalization that could be given him. But, are not all sufferers from mental diseases entitled to the same right to good build-

ings, attractive surroundings, the benefits of all forms of modern treatment? Does not the State owe this to all of its unfortunate mentally sick people? Is it not our ideal to restore them to usefulness and happiness? To reach this ideal the veteran has come to our aid in a new and unheralded role of heroism. Public sentiment demanded certain services for him. When we got them for him, we were able to get them for all of our mentally ill."

Illinois does not stop at mere provision for buildings and adequate staffs for its mental hospitals. It encourages members of those staffs to keep abreast of the times by means of an eight-week course at the Psychiatric Institute in Chicago for which the physicians are given leave with pay, and in other ways it strives to promote a healthy esprit de corps among physicians, nurses and attendants. The State is preparing to spend two and a half million dollars toward the building and equipping of a great neurological institute and hospital in Chicago where every candidate for a degree in the State's medical colleges will receive the training in psychiatry which the medical profession now regards as essential to even the general practitioner. When completed this project, in conjunction with the Research and Educational Hospitals now in operation, will constitute the world's greatest medical center.

Mr. Bowen does not minimize the medical problem involved in care and treatment of the insane. But he feels that one should not overlook the possibilities of community and social life in the restoration of the mental patient to a normal life, within the patient's limitations.

A community competitive existence, adjusted to the limitations of the patient,

wherein the patient may live and be happy is the apparent solution. Illinois institutions are such communities, simple in form and simple in their demands upon their residents. The net result is the absence of "violent wards" and acceleration in the discharge rate. Patients do not sit around and deteriorate—and as a result, many recover and return to their people outside.

This result is achieved by provision of suitable plant, staff, buildings, and equipment plus occupational, recreational and vocational therapy—terms which we might simply define as "something to do." The simple essentials of a civil community—church, school, theatre, hospital, infirmary, surgery, a plan of detention (and sympathetic treatment) for the unruly, good, well-lighted streets, sidewalks, playgrounds—are necessary. Add industrial shops, plenty of farm and garden plots, cattle and poultry pens. With this "plant" our staff and patients produce and do for themselves all that any civil community does.

Trained supervisors oversee and teach; rotation on jobs eventually fits the patient into his proper niche; the patient supervised thus "finds" himself—he again practices self-control, becomes contented, and necessity for restraint and locked doors passes.

Though they be isolated from the outside world, these veterans manage to keep track of the news and retain a sense of humor. Last winter when the sit-down strikes were making the front pages, Service Officer Bradney of the Jacksonville State Hospital was convulsed with laughter one morning when he entered the work-shop to discover not a wheel was turning. All the patients were seated in proper column (Continued on page 52)



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Minds on the Mend

(Continued from page 51)

of fours on the floor. The first squad leader held aloft a hastily thrown together banner, inscribed "Sitdown strike—more cigarettes, less hours."

JUST how are mental cases of veterans handled in Illinois state hospitals? There are thirteen of these institutions located in various sections of the State. One of the jobs of The American Legion is to see that wherever possible the mentally disturbed veteran is sent to a hospital near his home. Modern treatment recognizes that frequent visits by sympathetic, co-operative relatives and friends is helpful in effecting improvement. Every day is visitors' day in the state hospitals in Illinois. It has long been the feeling that veterans suffering from mental and nervous diseases should be housed in suitable institutions as close to their people as possible. After all, this is the humane thing to do. The veteran should not be deprived of one of the greatest pleasures of his limited institution life—visits from his own kindred and others who are interested in him. In perhaps fifty percent of the cases of veterans it is possible to send them back to their relatives after several months of treatment at the hospital. If the home offers opportunity for a quiet, orderly life and the man is able to do some sort of work congenial to him the State will have done a fine job of rehabilitation. It is toward that goal that the staffs of these hospitals are constantly working.

When the patient arrives at the hospital he is placed under observation in an admittance ward, and his reactions are studied in the light of his past history, without subjecting him to disturbing influences of any sort. He is eventually placed among a group of patients of the same general mental type and proficiency, and the doctors determine the best way in which he may fit into the community life, for, make no mistake about it, we have here a community rather than an institutional group, a community which is modeled on that from which the patient has come but where the tempo of life is slower, where interests are infinitely simpler, where outlook may comprehend only this hour and this day. Food and shelter are no longer vexing matters—they are no more a problem than breathing or walking.

The new inmate is given a task of some sort, a regular task which is to be performed in much the same manner at a given time each day, and is helped in acquiring various skills as his capacity for absorbing instruction increases. Perhaps at first he can do only day labor about the institution, or help in the simpler tasks about the kitchen. But if he shows ability beyond that he is given the opportunity

to master a trade or to take up useful work of various sorts. In mental hospitals as in the world outside a man is likely to achieve inward happiness and to develop poise when he is doing something he likes to do.

There is absolutely no form of restraint. Doubtless you will be surprised to learn that among the patients are barbers who shave their comrades with the same kind of straight-edge razor your barber uses. Of course the staff doesn't allow this privilege to a great many, but through constant study of the various groups the doctors and nurses are able to note improvements and setbacks in the condition of their charges, and when evidence of increased capacity is shown a corresponding amount of responsibility is allowed. Right here I must make it clear that no patient is ever locked up, and while the doors of the wards are locked at night the vast majority of the veterans undergoing treatment are free to go about the grounds of the hospital as they please. I believe I am correct in saying that towns and cities in the vicinity of these hospitals are never fearful of what will happen when a patient goes AWOL.

At Jacksonville the patients have a band which gives concerts and plays for roller skating by groups of patients as well as for dancing. It's a highly competent group of musicians, is this band, though absolute truth compels the admission that its leader and some ten percent of the personnel are not patients. But it is believed to be the only organized band of fifty or more pieces in a mental hospital, and Illinois Legionnaires who see it every year at their Department Convention know that it compares favorably in its musicianship with other bands. On two occasions this band has participated in Legion National Convention parades—at Chicago and St. Louis.

THE use of roller skating in recreational programs at Jacksonville State Hospital came about in an unique manner. A patient, suffering from catatonia, became indifferent and slothful in appearance, refusing to eat or talk. Remembering this man was once an exhibition roller skater, his skates were secured and placed on his lap. In a few days his mind once more began to function. Desire slowly overcame the mental inertia, typical of his type of mental disease, and shortly he was going through his old exhibition routine on the "day-room" floor. Others tried—and today thousands of patients find another pleasurable outlet in roller-skating parties.

In the occupational therapy classes patients follow intricate patterns in weaving rugs, do difficult needle point work, turn out carpentry jobs in which they

operate power lathes. Of course that's not a tenth of the things they do, for occupational therapy is one of the most important elements in the job of mending sick minds, and it is the aim of the staffs at these institutions to give the widest scope possible to the skills displayed by patients.

Their surroundings are cheerful too. Every ward has distinctive drapes, and air and sunlight have maximum play in a type of building of which any architect might be proud. The food, served in a modern cafeteria, is tasty and is dished up piping hot. The State's wards in this or some other institution have gathered these vegetables that now appear on the plates, and the meat and other food represent investment by the State in animals, poultry and agricultural staples which were brought to maturity by its servants. The preparation of the meal and the tidying-up of things afterward are accomplished by a group of patients who would rather do that than any other task about or in the hospital.

YOU should see the recreation rooms provided for these veterans—with beautifully upholstered modernistic furniture that would not suffer by comparison with that of the finest club—roomy chairs and soft, deep-cushioned davenport in which one may relax while he plays cards or checkers or listens to the radio, or just sits at his ease.

If men and women whose mental capacity has proved unequal to the strain of modern life in the world outside can possibly be brought back to normal, this is the way to do it, for here is peace and a sense of well being. Of course all of the patients are not capable of the type of activity I have outlined. But let me say this: The most disturbed patient in a state hospital in Illinois is never strapped into a straitjacket, never manacled, never handled roughly. There isn't a padded cell in one of these hospitals. As for handcuffs, let me relate a little incident that happened at one of the hospitals. A nurse on a certain ward complained to the doctor in charge that one of her patients whom we'll call John had been pestering her with proposals of marriage. The doctor took John aside and questioned him.

He admitted bothering the nurse and declared that nobody was going to stop him from marrying her. The doctor thereupon made arrangements to have John transferred to another hospital and on the chance that he might become obstreperous tried to get hold of some handcuffs. In the entire institution none could be found, and he had to get a pair from the local police station. But they weren't used after all, for John upon being told of his imminent transfer accepted the situa-

tion calmly, merely asking that he be allowed to see the nurse before he left. With some trepidation the doctor granted this request. John shook hands with the nurse, announced again that he intended to marry her, and said good-bye. When the attendant who was going to take him to the other institution mentioned handcuffs, John smilingly spurned the idea, and behaved perfectly on the trip.

Another veteran, a World War aviator who flew planes for over a year in France, engaged in a friendly argument with other patients in his ward as to their respective abilities as contract bridge players. To properly rank the players, he carefully prepared a questionnaire, presenting 42 contract problems. The 30 players were duly interviewed, graded and averaged up, proving to the satisfaction of the one-time driver of Jenneys and De Havillands, that the author of the brilliant idea was their superior by some three-tenths of one percent.

For patients who become difficult to handle hydrotherapy is used. This consists of placing a man in a bath of blood-heat water and keeping him there for perhaps half an hour while a continuous flow of the warm water courses over him. He is then wrapped in warm blankets and by that time he has usually calmed down sufficiently so that he soon goes to sleep.

In some few cases sleeping potions are given, but there is very little reliance on drugs in ministering to patients. Those of our comrades who will never again be able to face the world on their own receive humane treatment and are made comfortable and as happy as their mental circumstances permit. As for the majority of the patients, they have their ups and downs, their triumphs and trials, even as you and I. The world in which they live has its important moments—they gladly take part in the celebration of holidays and joyfully acknowledge visits by Legionnaires and Auxiliaries, they read newspapers and magazines, yes, and listen to football games over the radio. We on the outside are but children of a larger growth, and looking on these comrades who have found themselves unequal to the demands of this pushing, jostling modern life we may well say, "There but for the grace of God go I."

Veterans of the World War as a group have reached the age now at which we must expect that an increasing percentage of our number will fail to adjust themselves mentally to their changing circumstances. It is well established that the type of life a modern person leads subjects him to stresses and strains that his grandfather never knew. The mere holding down of a job in these restless days when industry is lowering the age-limit for employes becomes a task requiring resourcefulness and high courage. A man over forty who loses his job today is beset with worries that may well cause him to go haywire as the saying has it, and land in an institution. It is important that mental cases be diagnosed and

treated in the early stages, as then there is opportunity for securing a permanent cure.

Of course, I am merely outlining here some few of the things Illinois is doing for its mentally disabled veterans. The total number of veterans in all the state institutions of Illinois is over three thousand; in addition, there are over 1500 dependents—widows and children. The direct responsibility for supervision of these persons rests with the Division of Veterans' Service of the State's Department of Public Welfare. The Division was established in 1932 during the administration of Governor Emmerson.

Guy E. Bonney has been superintendent since its organization. Aside from his duties as Director, Bonney has been tireless in extolling the virtues of the Illinois community-cottage plan to interested rehabilitation workers all over the country.

In 1920-21, while a patient at Oteen, North Carolina, he lent his efforts with others to that of Dr. Kennon Dunham of Cincinnati in procuring the first liberal extension on service connection for tuberculosis in the War Risk Insurance Act. He has not only given his time to disabled veterans but has served as a member of the advisory boards of our state and national Rehabilitation Committees continuously since 1925.

The executive staff of the Division includes John W. Nelson, Elgin; Homer G. Bradney, Jacksonville; W. E. Rominger, East St. Louis, and Al J. Stuebe, Danville. These Legionnaires have complete charge of the Division's problems in the hospitals in their respective areas. Since the close of the war they have been closely identified with The American Legion in Rehabilitation and Service work. They assist the Legion and Auxiliary groups in arranging entertainments as well as providing for the patients gifts of clothing, cigarettes, food and occupational therapy supplies. I should mention that in our state hospitals there is nothing resembling a uniform among the patients. A large supply of clothing is kept on hand and to a considerable extent the patients are allowed to choose their garments.

The making of poppies in our state hospitals is performed solely by those veterans who receive neither compensation nor pension. The work is done in the fall and the money which the patients earn is made available to them early in December so that they may have it for Christmas presents or to send home. This year the money distributed among the patients amounted to \$1300, representing manufacture of some 267,000 poppies.

So the Prairie State is caring magnificently for its veterans who have failed mentally in their adjustments. We Legionnaires who have seen the work that is being done for these unfortunate comrades believe that by and large it is the best job of its kind being done in the world.

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A Little Flier in Wool

(Continued from page 20)

organ and sang homely old songs, the little boy sound asleep in Shook's lap, until bedtime.

His bed was soft, its linen white and sweet-smelling, and yet he tossed about for hours. Sheep bleated dismally; and once a coyote yelped challengingly from up on the ridge, stirring the bob-tailed dogs to wrathful barking. He had intended to tell Bill Phelps his story, but the ranchman had given him no opportunity. Now he'd have to tell it before Mrs. Phelps, and he'd rather be shot. But he'd do it in the morning, do it at the breakfast table, he decided. And then he slept soundly.

Sunlight was streaming across his bed when he awoke, conscious of having overslept. Dressing hastily he went into the living room where Mrs. Phelps was sewing a button on the little boy's waist, a yellow canary singing as though life itself depended upon his song. It was past nine o'clock, but Mrs. Phelps would listen to no apologies, setting his steaming breakfast on the table. Then, while he ate, the good woman talked, the baby in her lap. "You'll find Mr. Phelps in the barn," she said, laughingly, when he had finished his breakfast. "He has been brushing and polishing his pet race-horse for your inspection. It's his only plaything, and you must rave over it a little, Mr. Shook," she said, seriously,

pointing out the barn from the porch.

He'd tell Bill Phelps in the barn. He'd do it at once, and take the consequences. But again Phelps took over the conversation. Leading the shining thoroughbred out into the sunlight the ranchman talked so fast and so happily that Shook could not find an opportunity to tell his story. "Now I'll show you some pure bred calves," Phelps said, opening a door that led into a low barn, with Shook at his heels.

"Hoo—hoo!" Mrs. Phelps was calling.

"Excuse me a minute," said Bill, hurrying back to the door. "All right, Mama," he called to Mrs. Phelps; and then to Shook, "I'll be back in a few minutes. Just go in and look 'em over, Mr. Shook."

But he didn't give the calves a single glance. Going to the door he saw a horse and buggy drawn up by the gate, a fine black horse, and a red-wheeled buggy, with rubber tires. A man, a tall fellow wearing neither coat nor vest was talking earnestly to Mrs. Phelps. Shook saw something like a badge flash on the man's breast. "The sheriff," he thought, remembering the yellow telegram.

Half glad that the end had come at last, and yet sick at heart because Mrs. Phelps would now see the sheriff handcuff him, Shook backed into a corner, his knees weak as straws. For fifteen awful

minutes he waited there for the sheriff. And then he heard footsteps, saw the barn door open, and heard Bill Phelps' voice. "Beauties, ain't they?" it said. "Where are you, Mr. Shook. Oh, I see you. Comin' in out o' the sunlight blinded me. I got a proposition to make you, Mr. Shook. But first off I want you to know I'm a man of my word. You treated me white when you bought my wool for eighteen and one-half cents, and broke their combination. I'll stand by my bargain if you say so, an' there won't be any hard feelin' neither. But the feller out there has just offered me twenty cents for my clip. The difference between your bid and his is a tidy sum. If you are buyin' for yourself and want to make a little quick money I'll give you five hundred dollars for your bargain. What do you say?"

"I'll take it," Shook told him, his mouth dry as chips.

"Shake!" Bill Phelps grasped Shook's hand. "I'll slip out and close the deal; an' then I'll drive you back to Malta an' get you the money," he said, leaving Shook standing in the door, weak as a kitten.

The tall fellow was now walking slowly toward the barn with Mrs. Phelps. Again Shook saw the thing flash on his breast, saw *two* things. They were buckles on his suspenders.

The Corporal's Lady

(Continued from page 35)

at Halliday, who was listening with interest. "Beat it in to the captain now."

Brale had never been called before Captain Stavey. He feared that captain as some people fear damnation. Not only had Stavey captain's bars, he had also an accent, and a towering attitude of superiority that cowed Brale. He knew, from having listened to Captain Stavey one time when he was driving him, that Captain Stavey's ancestors arrived on the *Mayflower*. That other ancestors had gone to China as missionaries to save the Chinese from ancestor-worship. It did not occur to him that Stavey might worship a few ancestors himself; Brale only thought that Stavey must call the President Woodrow.

"Why?" he blurted.

"Boy, ain't you done plenty?" Sergeant Dabney asked. "You knocked that Frog for a loop in front of the Palais de la Justice. You made a washboard out of that fender coming back from Saumur." He paused significantly. "And you've done other things, too." Peremptorily, "Go on, allay."

Corporal-chauffeur Brale obeyed, but as he went away he murmured, "There wasn't any bulletin about roll call there last night. I looked to make sure. I always do."

He went into the Transportation Office and clicked his heels before the rotund, severe-faced officer behind the desk. Captain Stavey adjusted his *pince-nez* glasses and frowned through them. "At ease, Brale," he said. But Brale stood at attention. Captain Stavey went on, "You're transferred to the Second Motor Mechanics Regiment at Romorantin. See Private Hannigan about your travel orders."

At first Brale didn't get it; then it dawned with stunning force. Romorantin. He had been there several times. A huge, desolate place of endless wooden huts, sitting somewhere between the village of Romorantin and Gièvres. He had never really liked the place, but that didn't occur to him now. He was thinking of Francine. What would she say to a transfer, and he and Francine practically engaged?

"But, sir," he gulped, "I—could the captain—"

"You've become slack," cut in Captain Stavey crisply. "Altogether too slack, corporal. Two accidents. Then you were late at roll call. We must have discipline and while the accidents were not serious we must put a stop to them."

He paused, frowned even more severely. "Furthermore, I'm concerned about your morals. I myself saw you kiss that girl on the Rue de Guise. A man's body is his temple, corporal, and should not be defiled. And the American soldier abroad must set a high example of American manhood."

"But," protested Brale bewilderedly, "that was Francine. She's my girl. After the war we're going to be—"

"Don't argue," interrupted Captain Stavey coldly. "Get your travel orders."

Brale gulped. He wanted to say he never went to those green light places, that he loved Francine; but a look at Stavey's face told him that the Army was one place where you didn't talk back.

"Yes sir," he said.

Corporal-chauffeur Brale, his travel orders in his pocket, wandered back to the garage. He had never made a lot of friends among the chauffeurs; they were so smart they dazzled him. They talked of liquor, and girls, and what they did hither and yon. He knew best Dick Powers, driver of the other super-six and him he sought out now. Powers made room beside him in the front seat.

"I heard," he nodded. "Tough cheese. Boy, that Romorantin is the posterior of the world. I wouldn't be caught there dead. It's lousy with M. P.'s. You can't go to town. Why, a guy told me once that you never see a Frog. He said, 'You'd never know you was in France.'"

Brale waved all this aside. "Gee," he said. "What's Francine going to say?"

"Well," rejoined Powers, "there I'd say you were lucky. That gal's got you wrapped up and mailed. You'd be marryin' her if soldiers could get married."

"Sure I would," said Brale. "She's a right nice girl and I'm crazy about her."

"Wow!" Powers' eyebrows went up. "As bad as that! She's made a real sucker out of you." He paused. Then: "I guess it's good you're going. It'll keep you from dodging frog rolling pins later."

"Francine never loses her temper," said Brale. "She's got the sweetest disposition. That's why I like her."

"Says you," scoffed Powers. "I've had 'em chase me, guy, and I know they're bad joss."

Brale thought a while and then he said: "Dick, you know about the Army. Isn't there anything I can do to stay here with Francine?"

Powers shook his head. "You're in the Army, kid, and there's a war on. When they order you to—wait a minute,"

he broke off, struck by a thought. He borrowed one of Brale's tailor-mades and puffed on it. At last he said, "Dabney and Halliday did you a dirty trick, framing you, and I'd like to see you beat their time."

"Framed me?" repeated Brale.

"Sure. Dabney reported those two minor accidents. He shifted the roll-call time. That cousin of his, Halliday, is lousy with francs, and Dabney figures on keeping him here and staying drunk all summer."

Brale was astounded. "But he couldn't do that," he blurted.

"Listen, in the Army the smart guy gets his way. Shut up now, I think I got an idea."

A moment passed. Powers said: "Look, Stavey is a sanctimonious old sin-wrassler, and if he hadn't seen you kiss that broad you could get around him. Do you know what he does every night?"

Brale said he didn't.

"Well, he lives at the Metropole Hotel, and of a night between nine-thirty and ten he takes a walk. He goes out to the railroad station, up past the cathedral and Guise Barracks and back."

"Yes," said Brale hopefully.

"Now, get this Francine of yours. Lay for him near the cathedral and explain you're going to be married." He suddenly grinned. "Say that her family comes down from Joan of Arc or something. Tell him your word is pledged to marry her. That he shouldn't part engaged people in love."

He leaned back, still grinning. "Hot dog! I bet you stay."

Hope also leaped into Brale's pale eyes. "Francine speaks good English," he said. "She works in the Magasin du Louvre branch." (Continued on page 56)

FRITZ



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The Corporal's Lady

(Continued from page 55)

"Give it a whirl," advised Powers. "You haven't anything to lose."

Brale cashed his commutation of rations and quarters ticket and decided to do so. As he started for Francine's house he felt more hurt than angry at Sergeant Dabney. Brale was essentially a peace-loving person. He hated arguments and fights. He felt that he had been done badly by, but it was this disinclination to fight rather than Sergeant Dabney's extra stripe that kept him from speaking his mind.

"Ah, darleeng!" cried Francine when he came in, "how I am glad you are back from that trip!"

She threw her arms around him and kissed him heartily. Francine was not over twenty, small and slim, yet gave promise of some day being ample. She had merry dark eyes, short black curls and the faintest of dark down above full red lips. Her really lovely eyes surveyed him proudly and Brale expanded somewhat. Here he was no humble person to be ordered about, but a man.

She sat on his lap while he told her exactly what had happened. "That night when I told you I was crazy about you," he concluded, "that was the time Stavey saw you kiss me. He thought you—er—a good-time girl."

"But darleeng!" cried Francine. "I am not. My father is Commandant André Thibault. And many, many years ago my ancestor he went with La Salle to Amérique."

"Golly!" cried Brale. "That reminds me."

Forthwith he told her about Powers's plan. Francine listened intently.

"Yes," she said with finality, "we will do it. I will not let them take my Meelton away from me. We will go. We will say we are engaged. We are to be married *après la guerre*. Ah, this Captain Stavey is a just man."

She leaned back frowning. "Ah, but this Sergeant Dabney, he is a peeg." Her fists doubled. "He wants to hurt us. He cannot do it."

"Now, don't start anything with him!" cried Brale hastily. "He's a sergeant."

He got her quieted. Then she told him that due to pressure of work she had to return to the store until nine o'clock, but that he could meet her there. She pulled down his head for a kiss.

"They cannot take my Meelton," she said. "I will tell him you will be my mari very soon."

Brale felt much better when he went along the Rue Nationale to the Café du Commerce. Francine was a peach and as soon as Stavey understood she was a quiet, decent girl he'd let Brale stay. On that Brale ordered a glass of beer

and drank heartily. He went into the back room then to see the movies called "Les Annales de Guerre."

About eight o'clock Sergeant Dabney and Corporal Halliday came in. They had been celebrating the victory, and since both liked Vouvray wine, the local vintage, their eyes were a little glassy. Sergeant Dabney was very merry, but Corporal Halliday was very sad. Drink always made him sad; he usually wound up with what was called a "crying jag."

"Steve," he moaned, "I want to dance with an American girl. A telephone girl. Ain't they swell in their uniforms? I hate French girls to dance with. Their feet look funny."

"No place to dance in this town," said Sergeant Dabney, gesturing to a waiter,



"but now you got Brale's job we'll take the next Paris trip together. Hot damn! Then we can spread ourselves."

They drank Vouvray. Halliday said, "I want to dance with lovely American girl."

"Bushwah! Come on, drink up, we got places to go to."

Corporal Halliday saw Brale come out of the rear room. "Poor guy!" he mourned. "Goin' to Romorantin." He swallowed, belched and stood up. "I'm gonna apologize to him. Did him a dirty trick."

"For crysake, sit down!" cried Sergeant

Dabney. "That dumbhead don't know how we worked it. Sit down, I say."

But when Corporal-chauffeur Brale strode up the Rue Nationale Halliday, with Sergeant Dabney tugging at one arm, was pursuing as rapidly as his freight would permit.

"Gonna buy him a drink," he mumbled. "Show no hard feelin's."

Brale found Francine standing in front of the Magasin du Louvre's Tours branch, bearing up under a mannikin of life-size garbed in a blue serge suit with brass buttons. On its head was a blue serge overseas cap of the usual ridiculous shape.

"I must take this home to finish," she said. "But we see Captain Stavey first."

Brale took the mannikin, and talking quietly, they cut across to the Rue de Guise and down it until they reached the broad, magnificent entrance to the cathedral. Here Brale sat her down and leaned the mannikin against one of the doors.

"I'll go down toward the Metropole and see where he's at," he said. "You wait here."

Brale had not been gone five minutes when two soldiers, arms locked, came strolling toward the cathedral. They sang loudly:

Oh, Lulu had a baby, she called him
Sunny Jim; She put him in the bath-
tub to see if he could swim.
Oh, bang away at——.

Corporal Halliday broke off, for he had seen the sheen of lights on the brass buttons of the blue-serged mannikin. "American telephone girl," he cried. "She'll dance with me, won't you, honey?"

"Hey, lay off," protested Sergeant Dabney. "That's a dummy."

"Gonna dance," announced Halliday.

Francine rose to her feet. "You leave Celeste alone," she cried. "I tell my Meelton and he beat you up." She was carrying a lovely, gay summer parasol and she raised this offensively. Nonetheless, Halliday picked up the dummy, put one arm tenderly about its waist, raised its right arm with the other and began to make circles.

"Stop it!" cried Francine and rushed for him.

Sergeant Dabney grabbed her arm. "Aw, he ain't hurtin' it none. He's crocked."

Francine uttered a shrill cry and struck Dabney over the head with the parasol. "Meelton!" she screamed. "Meelton!"

Brale, who had just discerned Captain Stavey at the far end of the street approaching leisurely, heard the cry. He turned and galloped as fast as he could. When he arrived Corporal Halliday still

danced with the mannikin and Sergeant Dabney was trying to hold Francine's arms.

"Meelton!" she cried. "That one, he take Celeste. And this one he try to take me. Keel them."

Brale recognized Sergeant Dabney and Corporal Halliday. Whether it was accumulated ire at the dirty trick already played him, or the presence of Francine which caused him to swing a fist not even he could rightly say. He loved peace; but after taking his job these men were now trying to take his girl. He unwound a crooked arm and the resulting blow struck Sergeant Dabney squarely between the eyes.

Sergeant Dabney spoke through clenched teeth and flung Francine from him.

"I'll knock you loose from your third leg for that, Brale," he blazed.

"Come on!" yelled Brale. "You took my job, Dabney, but you can't take my girl. She's mine."

A long sigh like the far-away whistle of a passenger train escaped Francine. As Brale and Dabney squared off, she cried, "Are these the men who take you away, Meelton?"

"They're the guys," said Brale, and aimed a sockdologer, as he called it, at Dabney's stomach. Dabney said, "Oof," and bent double and straightened up and swung feebly at Brale. The blow struck Brale's nose and it began to bleed.

A moment of sparring followed, and into it came a human cyclone. Francine, the parasol by this time having the shape of a tired pretzel, burst upon Dabney. She was indomitable, a wild cat unleashed. She whanged him on the head. She smashed him in the face. The parasol swished and smacked, and Dabney raised one hand to protect himself.

Corporal Halliday, still carrying the mannikin, came over. "Two against one ain't fair," he said, and aimed a hay-maker at Brale's face. The blow was badly timed. Brale stepped inside of it and buried his fist to the wrist in Corporal Halliday's stomach.

He stepped back and his ardor quickly cooled. He was remembering. Captain Stavey! The captain was coming this way. What chance would the appeal have if the captain found them fighting?

"Hey," he cried. "Cut it out—the captain—"

Wham!

From somewhere near his heels Corporal Halliday unloosed a thunderbolt and it exploded against Corporal-chauffeur Brale's jaw. He lit on his neck and could not move. Francine, vigorously swatting Sergeant Dabney, saw this and shrieked wildly. "Meelton! Oh, they have killed you."

If she had been a cyclonic fury before she became grim nemesis now. She swatted Dabney until he grabbed her roughly and she bit his thumb. He let go and howled, and she butted him in the stomach. Halliday attempted, with one

hand still holding the dummy, to jerk her back. And she swung a pivoting blow on him that bent the parasol like an interrogation point.

Dabney grabbed her and she picked and scratched until Halliday tried to hold her.

Corporal-chauffeur Brale struggled groggily to his feet at this juncture. The grunts and shrieks thundered around his ears. He dove at Sergeant Dabney and as he did so Francine brought down a thwacking blow with the parasol. It missed Dabney and struck Brale on the head. He grunted and went on forward. His skull collided with Sergeant Dabney's chin. A feeble moan burst from Dabney and he folded up where he stood.

"Keel him, too, Meelton," shrieked Francine, striking at Halliday. "He has ruined Celeste."

Celeste was in truth somewhat ruined. The blue serge had been jerked and pulled at. In fact, Celeste was mostly disrobed. While Brale got his bearings Francine enthusiastically lit into Halliday. She first beat him with the parasol and then tugged at Celeste.

Brale shook his head groggily. The captain! They had to get away from there.

"Francine!" he called. "Come on."

"Meelton, you help me get Celeste!"

Brale came toward her, watching the parasol whip with unerring accuracy across Corporal Halliday's face. Halliday roared but would not let go of the mannikin. Brale said, "Let loose, can't you? The captain—"

"Ah, you—" bellowed Halliday.

He gave Francine a thrust that sent her staggering. He whipped the mannikin around and drove it at Brale. The waxen face where the teeth are emplaced hit Brale between the eyes. He groaned and sat down.

Then it was that Halliday heard yells. He saw shadows coming swiftly.

"Geez! The M. P.'s!"

He hung onto the mannikin and started up the street. Francine hung to the mannikin, screaming as if being murdered.

"Stop!" thundered a voice that Brale vaguely recognized as Captain Stavey's. "Put down that woman!"

Brale struggled to his feet. Ah, God! Captain Stavey! Now, it was finished. Not even two fiancées would get him saved. He struggled to his feet. Heels tapped swiftly on the flags. Francine came back, sobbing, "He took Celeste. Ah, you peeg!"

The battered remnants of the parasol rose and fell viciously over the inert carcass of Sergeant Dabney.

"Stop that she-cat!" cried Captain Stavey. "Listen, you soldiers," this to the military police, "a man just ran off with a naked woman over his shoulder. I want you to find that man. By God, I'll have him court-martialed."

Whistles blew. Feet trampled in the darkness. Captain Stavey approached Brale.

(Continued on page 58)

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The Corporal's Lady

(Continued from page 57)

"Corporal Brale!" he exclaimed. "Brawling—and over women!"

"No, sir," cried Brale. He shook his aching head. He backed up and threw a restraining arm around Francine. She struck him and tore loose. "I feel that peeg!" she cried.

An M. P. grabbed her on either side and she stood there weeping bitterly and loudly.

"I'll hold you for court martial," Captain Stavey was crying. "To think of my men, fighting over—over—"

Brale cried desperately, "But it wasn't, Captain Stavey. Me and Francine, we came here to ask you—"

The indomitable Francine broke away from the M. P.'s. "Ah, you are the bon Captain Stavey. You will not take my Meelton away from me, monsieur. He is my Meelton. *Après la guerre*, we are to be married. He is only mine. You cannot separate us, monsieur."

"We came to ask you to—that is, to let you know we are—" Brale went on, desperately.

"For the love of Heaven, quiet!" howled Captain Stavey. "Now, one at a time. Quick, before I have you locked up."

Brale said stolidly, "Francine and I are engaged to be married, sir. We came here tonight to tell you it was her I kissed. And she ain't a light woman, sir, her ancestors went to America with La Salle. And she—"

"I love Meelton," cried Francine. "You will not send him away, non. You cannot. It would break his heart, and then mine. And now they have stolen Celeste—"

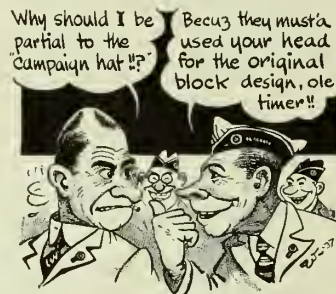
"Ah, yes," said Captain Stavey. "That other man, running off with a naked woman. Assault and kidnapping. That's what it was." He espied Sergeant Dabney, now attempting feebly to move. "Sergeant Dabney, who was that man who ran away?"

Unaware of the mannikin episode

Sergeant Dabney said, "Corporal Halliday, sir!"

Captain Stavey's teeth clicked audibly. "He ran off with Celeste, did he? Hm!" He waved the M. P.'s away. "I'll attend to this. . . Sergeant Dabney, go to the barracks. You'll be a private in the morning."

He took hold of Francine's arm and



pulled her out to where light from an estaminet across the street shone on her. Her hair was tossed wildly, but being bobbed and curled, this didn't hurt her appearance. Her face was flushed, her lips red and parted to show white teeth. Her clothing was disarranged but not badly so.

She took Captain Stavey's stare steadily. "I love Meelton, Monsieur le Capitain. I fight for him. I die for him. You will not send him away."

Brale stood there, head aching madly. Captain Stavey approached, and sniffed at his breath.

"Hm! Take the lady home, corporal," he said, "and report to me at eight in the morning."

He turned away, paused. "Who—do you know who the other young lady was?" he demanded. "The one that Corporal Halliday had on his shoulders?"

Brale was still somewhat thick-headed, but he had sense enough to say "No, sir."

At ten o'clock the next morning he sat in the driver's seat of his super-six. Private Dabney was in the repair shop on the hill, washing old parts in gasoline.

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Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

Corporal Halliday was in the hoosegow. God, it appeared, was in his Heaven, and all was well with the world.

Powers leaned over and grinned. "Well, I see it worked," he said. "Boy, that must have been a ruckus all right."

"It sure was."

"Say, no kiddin', who was the undressed dame?"

Relief, Now and—Always?

(Continued from page 15)

danger, if it is a danger, can be minimized by a combination of intelligent and interested layman's participation in the direction of a relief enterprise, along with that of the professional worker.

LET us return to the point stated earlier, that public assistance is a continuing, not merely a depression problem. We know how many people are on relief rolls, or employed on some W.P.A. made-work project. Current figures show that the number of these people has gone down. But the decrease is not nearly so great as the increase in production of goods.

Some of the gap is due to the fact that many workers have been put on full time who had only part time employment during depression. Their income has been increased, and they are higher above the dependency line, but their better conditions do not greatly affect unemployment rolls.

In addition to this there has been, the experts tell us, an immense amount of development in labor saving machinery during the last decade. Machines increasingly do work formerly done by men, so that an output far above that of 1929 is now needed to keep up the former rate of employment. During the summer, the Science Committee of President Roosevelt's National Resources Committee published an elaborate report dealing with this and other aspects of the effect of inventions. The committee's summary, in its own rather technical language, states in regard to the point:

"No satisfactory measures of the volume of technological unemployment have as yet been developed, but at least part of the price for this constant change in the employment requirements of industry is paid by labor, since many of the new machines and techniques result in occupational obsolescence."

Illness has been, and will continue to be, a very important factor in making people dependent. It increases the expense upon the wage earner; if the illness hits him, it makes him a financial liability instead of an asset. Old age comes in, too, not only as one of the contributions to bad health, but as an independent cause of unemployment and also of dependency.

"She was a dummy. Francine just called her Celeste."

"Ah, hell!" Powers relaxed. "Well, Stavey said you could marry after the war, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Bralé. Tenderly he touched his skull. He remembered now.

"Maybe," he sighed, "I ought to have gone to Romorantin after all."

Life insurance companies have told us for years that three out of every four persons over sixty are dependent upon someone for their support. With increasing life span and decreasing birth rate the proportion of elderly persons in our population is moving steadily upward. The public problems of old age will increase rather than diminish. Add to these groups widowed or deserted mothers with small children, the blind, and others suffering from permanent infirmity, and you have a pretty big group of human beings in need of help.

We need not be frightened at the prospect. Things are getting better. Unemployment insurance will, in course of time, build up a reserve which will cushion the impact of minor business depressions, though not a major catastrophe like our last one. The long run effect of invention is increased goods, not decreased employment, even though the immediate problem is difficult. Help needs to be continued for many people, but not so many that we must despair of providing ways and means.

ASSUMING that public aid is to be given, what form should it take? Present federal policy is for work relief for employables. There are strong arguments for such a policy. It is much better to have a man work for help than to have it given without effort on his part. Wages, too, give him more money than a dole; this is good for him and good for business generally.

The public has something to show for its money in the form of better roads, parks, schoolhouses and other public buildings. The argument is not all one way, however. The question of rate of compensation immediately arises. If a low scale is paid, the effect is to lower wages in private industry as well. If a good rate is paid, the undertaking becomes discouragingly expensive, and the tendency is for the worker to stay on made-work employment rather than take chances in private industry. Furthermore when made work has to be done on an immense scale there is almost certain to be waste of public money on foolish projects. Men must be given work; the importance of what they do becomes secondary.

But if the (Continued on page 60)

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Relief, Now and—Always?

(Continued from page 59)

job is clearly not worth doing, and the worker can see it, the moral effect of work relief is pretty well lost. This is especially true when one passes from out-of-door projects using a high proportion of unskilled labor to those requiring trained technicians to perform. However great the disadvantages may be, work relief seems established for the present as the federal policy. Many good things have been done. As the load grows less we may expect many of the earlier imperfections to disappear. The recent ruling which permits a worker to take private employment with the assurance that he will be put back on public work if the private job ceases should go far to counteract the tendency to solidification of work relief rolls.

But federal work relief does not purport to care for everyone who needs help. It takes care of part of those who can work. The remainder, as well as those who for one reason or another cannot be employed, must be cared for by state or local communities, except as federal aid is given under the Social Security Act. No State is carrying on a work relief program: help is given through cash or merchandise orders. How much this should be is a question bristling with difficulties. Whatever is given costs money, and money must come from taxes, and taxes come from a lot of people who have all they can do to keep going. Even if the money could be raised, it would not be fair to push the level of relief higher than the standard of that large group of our people who are self-supporting, but barely so. For the person helped, as well as the public economy, all the inducement should be to get off relief, not on it.

On the other hand, we all must eat. People on relief should not be half starved. Nor should we expect the landlord, the corner merchant, the neighborhood doctor to meet for poor people, at his own expense, what is a public obligation. What we hope to do in Pennsylvania is to supply an amount which will provide a minimum of decent living. Such an amount will vary from time to time in the same community, and from place to place, according to the varying cost of necessities. There is little danger that the amount will become the means of luxurious extravagance. In Philadelphia it stands around \$8 weekly for an average unit of three persons. No one who buys groceries or pays rent needs argument that this is pitifully small, especially in a city. There is no simple satisfactory answer, but we surely need to raise the standard of relief somewhat, as fast as the means can be found.

Almost as important as what we do for the needy is our attitude about them. Back in early legislation, the indigent were classified by the law makers along

with vagrants and petty criminals. Recipients of public aid at an early day in Pennsylvania were forced to wear a large P conspicuously displayed, showing that they belonged to the pauper class. That has passed, of course, along with trials for witchcraft. But a notion which dies harder is the thought that the relief group is full of chiselers, living in luxury at public expense. They do not live in luxury—that answer can be made flatly and without qualification. That there are some chiselers is true. After all, people on relief, or who want to be on relief, are just like the rest of us, with the same faults and virtues. We should not expect 100 percent truth telling from all of them, any more than from any other group, especially when stretching the facts a bit may result in pecuniary advantage to the stretcher. It is the business of an efficient relief administration to catch this small fraction of imposters. An experienced judge becomes quite expert in spotting a lying witness; an experienced relief worker is equally adroit in detecting a lying applicant for relief, and more important, inspiring him to tell the truth for his own sake and that of his fellows.

Some people, themselves successful, say that people should not be helped, that they should help themselves. Unfortunately that is not much of a contribution to the problem. If a man has ingenuity enough to think up a new kind of service which customers like, of course he won't want public help. Some one recently started a clean diaper service for families with babies, similar to the fresh towel supply service familiar in office buildings. Someone else thought up a catering service to supply a balanced diet for dogs, with delivery at the customer's door three times a week. Such people aren't on relief. But suppose you have a man who has been a coal miner since boyhood. He has little education, few amusements, no other experience than his mine. Now he is out of a job; his mine is shut down. To admonish him to devise some new ingenious way to make a living is about as effective as ordering an elderly professor of law to run one hundred yards in nine seconds. The most ingenious, the most aggressive, the strongest will always get along in any society. But we can't all be superlative in all these qualities. Even if we were all pretty good, if there are only one hundred places for one hundred and twenty-five people, it is clear that some twenty-five are going to be left out in the cold. The relief problem is to care for the twenty-five.

A more serious point, which bothers many thoughtful people, is whether we are building up a permanent group who will continue to demand and expect public support. This is a real danger and ought to be frankly faced. This depend-

ence aspect of human nature is not confined to public relief. Are there not many people who not only think that one good turn, if done for them, deserves another, but expect it as well? How can the danger be guarded against in anything so large and impersonal as public relief?

In the first place the danger must not be magnified. Most people would rather be self supporting than publicly supported. Any study of relief rolls will show each week many cases where relief has stopped because the recipient has a job. People take help when they must, they go on their own when they can. In one mining community we found the list almost disappeared when the mines were open. When they closed, the relief cases rose like flood tide.

Second, for those who need some pressure, it should be provided that if a relief recipient is offered bona fide employment, which he is able to accept, his relief stops. This measure, if wisely administered, will do much to cut down the number of those who would voluntarily choose public rather than self support.

Third, it should be remembered that a relief system should not operate alone. Relief does not give a man a job, it only tides him over until he can get one. Its administration should work in close co-

operation with employment agencies, planning boards or any other bodies whose activities touch the problem of the dependent. Certainly to be included in this group are the private agencies, church or secular. Assumption of responsibility for subsistence of needy people gives such bodies the finest chance they have ever had. Life is more than food, the body more than raiment, said a very great Teacher. Our welfare organizations may now supply that more.

Relief raises many problems and it costs a great deal of money. But the sight of people eating out of garbage cans and sleeping in doorways, which is what we had in my city before we started relief, is not a choosable alternative to its public expense. The cost of relief is what we are called upon to pay because we have not yet been able to construct a society in which each, if he will, may maintain himself decently. Until we find that society, some of us will need help from the rest. The price is high, but we can pay it. I am sure we are willing to pay it if we are assured that our money will be spent honestly and efficiently by the public officers who handle the administration of relief. Their responsibility is higher than that of almost any other public servant.

Fishing for Bicycles

(Continued from page 29)

Chinese forces within a half mile of the Club.

"We Legionnaires in Shanghai have a small Post, but we are very proud of it and are doing everything we can to hold up the spirit of The American Legion and what it stands for. Isolated as we are, we must be satisfied with small assistance rendered to our National Organization at this outpost in 'Far Cathay.'"

Commander Schinazi was with the 28th Infantry at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and at Texas posts in 1914 and 1915; with the 27th Infantry at Houston, Panama and Manila in 1916 and 1917, and with the 15th Infantry in Tientsin, China, in 1918 and 1919.

Honor Medals to Guards

TO FURTHER cement the cordial relations that have always existed between the Maryland National Guard and the Legion organization in that State, an honor award to the best private soldier in each unit of the Guard was announced last year. The program was worked out and directed by Robert C. Bedford, Chairman of the Department Committee on Trophies and Awards, and resulted in the award of thirty-three medals to as many privates at the end of the year.

The rules set up were very few and simple: The award of an honor medal to the private soldier in each of the units

making the best record as a soldier during the year. Under the rules the selection of the soldier is to be made by a board composed of one commissioned officer and two non-commissioned officers in the unit receiving the award. The board is selected by the commanding officer, and the decision reached by it is final.

The award of the medal is made a Post program, thus bringing the local Post and the Guard unit into closer co-operation. Splendid reports have been received. The awards show citations for life saving, for soldierly qualities, loyalty and devotion to the service, and a half dozen other reasons for which commendation is given.

Connery Honored by Post

HONORING the memory of the late Congressman William P. Connery, Jr., of Lynn, Massachusetts, the American Legion Post in that city, which had been known as Lynn Post, has officially changed its name to William P. Connery, Jr., Post. The ceremony at which the change of name was announced and the colors rededicated was attended by distinguished officials of the State of Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts Department of the Legion.

"Billy" Connery, as he was known to his home town people and to his fellow-members of Congress, served with distinction during (Continued on page 62)

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Fishing for Bicycles

(Continued from page 61)

the war in the 101st Infantry, Yankee Division. He was one of the charter members of Lynn Post, which now bears his name, and was the Post's first Finance Officer. He was a militant champion of the service men in Congress, in which he served fifteen years.

Order of Proxids

PARK POST at Livingston, Montana, has organized a very select society from its membership—only the childless are eligible to hold full fellowship in the Paternal Order of Proxids. The idea of the society was born when it was reported that the son of a deceased member of the Post was ready for high school and that means were not available to carry him through.

"Send him to school. We'll see that he gets along," the mother was told. Then a few of the Legionnaires, whose homes were not blessed with children, went into a huddle. Result: The Paternal Order of Proxids. Letters were sent out to eighty Legionnaires either known or believed to be without progeny of their own, asking not more than one dollar per month as their share in financing the schooling of worthy children of comrades who have passed on.

The response was prompt. Part time work was secured for the first boy, and these parents by proxy will complete his financial requirements. Art Lytle writes that this new organization will function under its present set-up so long as the child of a deceased or disabled Legionnaire remains who cannot, because of lack of funds, obtain a high school education.

By the way, Art also reports that one proximamma is a member of the Paternal Order of Proxids. A lady Legionnaire, member of Park Post, was among the first to pay her dues.

Father and Son

FINANCE Officer Joseph J. Johnen of Ernest Phillips Post, McDonald, Pennsylvania, reports an unusual father and son combination in his Post and Squadron of the Sons of the Legion,

whose terms have just ended. Last fall the Post elected August S. DeVoss as its Commander; the Squadron elected his son, Sidney DeVoss, as its Captain. Commander DeVoss found it necessary to leave the city before the expiration of his term, and upon resignation Vice Commander James W. Donaldson succeeded to the office. His son, James, Jr., who was First Lieutenant of the Squadron, succeeded to the Captaincy—again a father and son combination.

A Kentucky Leader

LIKE Alexander, Shawnee Post of Louisville, Kentucky, is looking about for new worlds to conquer. According to the report of Adjutant W. G. Probst, Jr., the Post has already taken about all the first prizes Kentucky has to offer for the 1938 membership year, and has set out to hang up a record independent of any and all quota assignments. Shawnee Post is a youngster, but it seems to be on the way. The Post was organized in 1935 and in 1936 had a membership of 135; in 1937 the enrolment was increased to 273, and at the Department Convention in August Commander Ray Heer handed Department Commander Ted Lee a check for 275 members for 1938. This number has been increased to more than 300. The fact that ninety-eight percent of the members of the Post were severe sufferers from the Ohio flood last winter makes the achievement even more notable.

The Pancake Champ

ADOLPH WACEK POST at Winter, Wisconsin, takes in a lot of territory when it stages a pancake eating contest for the national championship. There are pancake eaters and pancake nibblers. The Winter Legionnaires claim to have he-men of the eating variety. The 1937-38 champ, Carl G. Kvist, ran up an imposing record of forty-four seven-inch griddle cakes in exactly fifty-one minutes, wrestling the title from his son, Arvid, who packed away thirty-six pancakes for the title last year.

BOYD B. STUTLER

Killed? Wounded? Missing?

(Continued from page 32)

were minus a few pets. We next spent three days at Otaru, Japan, where we coaled.

"The pictures show the Ussuri River at Ussuri, where the railroad bridge crosses. One was taken in the winter of 1918, the other the following summer. This place

is not far north of Vladivostok, where we debarked in Siberia. During the summer of 1919 we had a beautiful spot for our camp—on the outskirts of Verhnu-dinsk, which is further inland near Lake Baikal. There we erected a bathhouse. "Sometimes we used the Russian baths,

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

which consisted of an air-tight room with a crude chimney that kept the bricks hot. When you entered, you tossed a pail of water on the bricks, creating steam. Then you climbed some wooden steps toward the ceiling and the higher you got, the hotter it got.

"It's still a mystery to me why we were sent to Siberia, although our main job was to keep the Siberian Railroad open

to Comrade Boonstra, submitting proof of their service with it.

"I HAVE read some pretty good yarns in the Legion Magazine," comments J. P. Wilson of Paul Halligan Post, North Platte, Nebraska, "from comrades about this and that incident of service and I thought perhaps some of the ex-A. E. F. telegraphers might get a kick out of my story.

"Private Joe Lassa had been at HAEF (Chaumont) telegraph office just about long enough to get all the wrinkles out of his belly that he had acquired with the 13th Engineers up near the front. He was feeling pretty low one evening when he landed on the Neufchateau local. Joe geared up and tore into the receiver at the other end and in three hours HAEF was clear to Neufchateau.

"Thereupon Joe gave the other fellow about two thousand words on how lousy the Army was and where-in-the-hell were all the promotions and stripes and leaves of absence, etc., promised, and then, 'By the way, what's your rank, old timer?'

"'Oh,' ticked the sounder, 'I'm only a major.'

"And the hell of it was, he was only a major—Major Kelly—and one of the finest telegraphers to get to France. About six feet, three, weight around 230, hand like a ham. But, boy, could the major telegraph! Ask Joe Lassa. (Where are you, Joe—and where's the major?)"

ORGANIZATION of veterans' societies continue even in this twentieth anniversary year

of our entry into the World War. The success of several score of outfit reunions during the Legion National Convention in New York City last fall has no doubt had a great influence toward gathering together the old comrades of wartime. While many outfits representative of specific sections of the country continue to hold their reunions in their own localities, many of them are following the Legion and meeting during the National Conventions. Los Angeles, California, will entertain the Legion, September 19 to 22, and reunions for that place and time are already being planned.

For information regarding the following activities, write to the Legionnaires whose names are listed:

5TH ARMY CORPS H.Q. AND TROOPS—Reunion and permanent organization of officers and men, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22. Wm. A. Barr, 1608 N. Genesee st., Los Angeles.

5TH DIV.—West Coast reunion of Red Diamond veterans, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22, Earl Sheeley, secy., 723 N. Avenue 51, Los Angeles.

6TH DIV.—National reunion and dinner, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22, under auspices Sector I. R. E. Moran, secy., 506 N. Spaulding av., Los Angeles. 92nd and 93d Div., 16th Prov. Trng. Regt. (T. Des Moines)—Proposed reunion of all officers, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22. Dennis McG. Matthews, 5118 Latham st., Los Angeles.

20TH ENGRS. (Forestry)—Proposed reunion and permanent organization, (Continued on page 64)

Such confounded luck !!?@
I bin sittin' here all after-
noon, and not even one
officer has passed by to
Salute yet !!



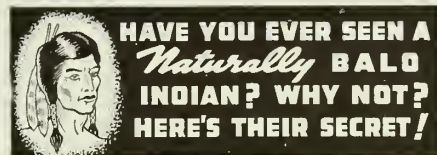
and guard the many bridges and tunnels. Wonder if the four comrades in my company remember the hunting trip we took during Christmas week of 1918 from our camp in Spasskoe? I'd like to hear from Ewald, Idzkowski, Albright and Wesling, the German prisoner, who made the trip.

"On our return voyage home from Siberia, we stopped in Hongkong, Manila and Honolulu, reaching San Francisco the early part of November, 1919."

A NATIONAL Convention story: Legionnaire Albert Boonstra of 4 Union Avenue, Paterson, New Jersey, wrote to National Headquarters hoping an announcement he suggested might be made from the New York convention platform. Press of business prevented this, so we pass on his message now:

"Any veteran who can furnish proof that he served with Field Remount Squadron No. 310, organized in 1918, can have a picture and roster of that outfit that I have in my possession. I do not know anyone in the picture and I thought some man would like to have it."

Veterans of the squadron can write



For centuries American Indians have enjoyed abundant healthy hair . . . freedom from baldness and scalp disorders. They used an extract of an herb which they found excellent for its hair growing properties. This herb, called "Ahtilion", has long been known to the medical world as a good scalp and hair stimulant. We have scientifically prepared this proved Indian herb scalp remedy for "pale-face" use. You'll be astounded by the results.

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FREE With every order for VIZ-V-TAE we will include a 35c bottle of Indian Herb Shampoo absolutely FREE. Send coupon NOW!

WOODFORD VIZ-V-TAE PRODUCTS CO.

1628 Montrose Ave., Chicago, Ill. Please send me a bottle of VIZ-V-TAE and FREE bottle Shampoo. If not satisfied I get my money back. Enclosed is, Money Order () Check () Cash () for \$1.00.

Name Address

(Write plainly)

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A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. For a free sample of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also free book entitled "The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good," address Carter's, 48 Park Place, N. Y. C. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 25c. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
November 30, 1937

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$520,643.21
Notes and accounts receivable	149,494.18
Inventories	125,227.49
Invested funds	1,556,524.86
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.	194,834.35
Office Building, Washington, D. C. less depreciation	126,930.96
Furniture, Fixtures & Equipment, less depreciation	32,373.73
Deferred Charges	34,320.77
	\$2,740,349.55

Liabilities, Deferred Charges and Net Worth

Current Liabilities	\$ 94,466.22
Funds restricted as to use	25,113.49
Deferred Income	505,618.72
Contingent Liability	2,490.12
Permanent Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.	194,834.35
	\$ 822,522.90
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$1,559,622.16
Unrestricted capital	358,204.49
	\$1,917,826.65
	\$2,740,349.55

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Killed? Wounded? Missing?

(Continued from page 63)

Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22. Jack Coskey, 5370 W. Adams, Los Angeles.

11TH CAV., M. G. TROOP and TROOPS A, B, C & D—Reunion, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22. W. C. Weinberger, P. O., Colton, Calif.

116TH SAN. TBN., Hq. Co., 41st Div.—Reunion, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22. Harley E. Shoaif, 206 S. Walnut st., New Castle, Pa.

305TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Reunion, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22. L. Schank, care of Collector of Internal Revenue, 939 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

BASE HOSP. No. 117—Proposed reunion officers, nurses and enlisted men, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22. Mrs. Emma J. Pearce Preston, 424 W. Elm st., Compton, Calif.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22. Richard D. Bowman, personnel officer, 44 Boone st., Glenolden, Pa.

NAVAL AIR STA., ARCACHON, FRANCE—Reunion, Los Angeles, Sept. 19-22. E. J. Oerter, 2516 W. 73d st., Los Angeles.

SIBERIAN VETERANS—National reunion, Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel, Hollywood, Calif., Mon., Sept. 19, in conjunction with Legion natl. conv. in Los Angeles. Claude P. Deal, chmn., 920 Chester Williams bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

U. S. S. ILLINOIS WORLD WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Permanent organization. Proposed reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 19-22, during Legion natl. conv. John F. Handford, 31 E. Tulpehocken st., Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Div. Assoc.—20th anniversary convention and reunion, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Ill., July 14-16. Geo. V. Gordon, chmn., 5814 Winthrop av., Chicago.

Soc. of 3rd Div.—Annual reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 14-16. Write Chas. P. McCarthy, secy., P. O. Box 137, Camden, N. J., and receive copy *The Watch On the Rhine*.

Soc. of 5th Div.—National reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Labor Day week-end, Sept. 3-5. Roy D. Peters, 441 E. Orange st., Lancaster.

26TH DIV. ASSOC., N. Y. CHAP.—First reunion at Legion natl. conv., last fall. All YD vets in New Jersey and New York invited to join. Joseph Greenberg, 2092 Davidson av., Bronx, N. Y.

27TH DIV. ASSOC.—To bring roster up to date, all vets report to Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan, 120 Broadway, New York City.

Soc. of 28th Div.—To complete roster of Keystone veterans, all are requested to write to Harry J. Ritter, secy-treas., Senate Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa.

Soc. of 28th Div., MAJ. GEN. CHARLES H. MUIR Post—All ex-Keystoners in N. Y., N. J. and Conn. area report to Jos. F. Anselmin, 30-23 42d st., Long Island City, N. Y.

37TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Zanesville, Ohio, Sept. 3-5. 37th Div. News mailed free to all vets who write to Jas. A. Sterner, asst. secy., 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

30TH Div.—Official divisional history may be ordered from E. A. Murphy, c/o The Old Hickory Publ. Co., Lepanto, Ark.

32nd Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., dates to be announced. Byron Beveridge, secy., 1148 Florence ct., Madison, Wisc.

RAINBOW (42nd) DIV. VETS.—Natl. reunion, St. Paul, Minn., July 12-14. Rainbow Reveille mailed free to all known Rainbow vets. Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4645 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich.

WAR SOC. of 89TH Div.—Reorganization. Proposed reunion in Middle West in early fall. Report to Chas. S. Stevenson, secy., 2505 Grand, Kansas City, Mo. No membership dues.

92nd Div. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Newly organized. Report to Wm. E. Holman, Jr., secy., 6236 S. Ada st., Chicago, Ill.

Soc. of 48TH INF.—Proposed reunion, Newport News, Va., June. Harry McBride, 39 Mulberry av., Newport News.

60TH INF.—Reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 3-5. Roy D. Peters, 441 E. Orange st., Lancaster.

137TH INF. Post, A. L.—Copy of company history will be sent free to all ex-members of company who write to Ben S. Hudson, ex-captain, Fredonia, Kans.

146TH INF.—Regimental reunion, Wooster, Ohio, in spring. For information send name and address to Harry W. Evans, secy., 363 Beverly rd., Wooster.

307TH INF. Post, A. L.—Annual dinner, Roosevelt Hotel, New York City, Sat., Feb. 19. Herman M. Kahn, comdr., 225 Broadway, New York City.

308TH INF.—Annual reunion dinner, Gov. Clinton Hotel, 31st st. and 7th av., New York City, Sat. Feb. 5. L. C. Barrett chmn., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

308TH INF., Co. K—Reunion dinner, New York City, in April. Simon Reiss, 105 Bennet av., New York City.

162nd INF. and Co. B, 3rd OREGON—18th annual banquet and reunion, Portland, Oregon, Mar. 5. R. E. McEnany, 2922 NE 36th av., Portland.

Co. I, 140TH INF. A. E. F. CLUB—Vets report to L. E. Wilson, pres., 5908 Park av., Kansas City, Mo., relative 1938 reunion.

Co. E, 329TH INF.—Annual reunion vets and families, Archbold, Ohio, Aug. 28. J. A. Beard, secy., Napoleon, Ohio.

1ST PIONEER INF. and 1st N. Y. INF. (N. G.)—Proposed reunion. Ray Driscoll, secy., 78 Genesee st., New Hartford, N. Y.

54TH PIONEER INF.—Permanent organization. Vets interested in proposed reunions, write to C. Wilson Fry, 531 Stanwood st., Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. Men in New York City area,

report to Wm. J. R. Ginn, 24 Pine st., New York City.

315TH M. G. BN., 80TH Div.—Vets interested in permanent organization, write to Robt. H. Heymann, 922 Fordham av., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HAWAIIAN Div.—Proposed reunion of all vets, especially 1st and 9th F. A. Harry I. Condon, 346 Claremont av., Jersey City, N. J.

76TH F. A. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, with 3d Div., Atlantic City, N. J., July 14-16. Wm. A. Shomaker, secy., 3811 25th pl., N. E., Washington, D. C.

120TH F. A.—For regimental Who's Who, send name and address to Thomas J. Fallon, 759 N. Plankinton av., Milwaukee, Wisc.

BTRY. C, 143d F. A.—Reunion, Natl. Guard Armory, Stockton, Calif., Feb. 12. Otto E. Sandman, Stockton.

301st F. A.—For information about proposed reunion, write to Thomas L. Thistle, 30 State st., Boston, Mass.

302d F. A. Hq. Co. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Belmont, Mass., date to be announced. B. J. Donaher, 370 Quincy st., Dorchester, Mass.

332d F. A. Band—Annual banquet. For time and place, address Geo. E. Kaplanek, 1023 N. Laverne av., Chicago, Ill.

64TH C. A. C., BTRIES. D AND E—Annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, in June. Dates to be announced. T. E. Watson, 605 Ogden av., Toledo, Ohio.

313TH F. S. BN.—To complete roster, send name and address to Dr. Chas. L. Jones, Gilmore City, Iowa.

6TH PROV. REGT., C. A. C., BTRIES. F, G & H—1st reunion, Portland, Maine, during week of Apr. 3. For particulars, write Harrison R. Andrews, 198 Haskell st., Westbrook, Maine.

Co. 320, M. S. T. 405—2d annual reunion, Omaha, Neb., Sept. 4-5. Report to C. J. Winandy, 6129 N. Hermitage av., Chicago, Ill.

97TH Co., 6TH MACHS.—Annual reunion with 2d Div. reunion, Chicago, Ill., July 14-16. Wm. M. Rasmussen, 2611 Wilson v., Chicago.

VETS. of 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—9th annual reunion, Hotel Roosevelt, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, June 17-19. James A. Elliott, secy-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

VETS. of 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—Vets in Eastern States are requested to send names and addresses to B. H. Brooks, 2240 Liberty st., Trenton, N. J., for roster.

25TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunions in East, in St. Paul, Minn., and in Los Angeles. C. K. McCormick, 2346 N. 6th, Harrisburg, Pa.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Hot Springs, Ark., July 2-4. F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

56TH, 603N & 604TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., in April. Write to Louis D. Nickles, Rest Haven, Waukesha, Wisc.

50TH AERO SQDRN. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Washington, D. C., Sept. 3-6. J. Howard Hill, secy., 1206 First-Central Tower, Akron, Ohio.

6TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT M. G. BN.—Proposed reunion of officers. Geo. S. Minniss, 1701 City Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.

BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT, ILL.—Proposed reunion of all vets. Harold E. Giroux, 841 W. Barry av., Chicago, Ill.

BASE HOSP 45 VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, John Marshall Hotel, Richmond, Va., Sat., Feb. 26. L. C. Bird, adjt., 915 E. Cary st., Richmond.

319TH AUX. REMOUNT DEPOT—Annual reunion, Franklin, Ind., Sun., Nov. 6. To complete roster, write to Ross M. Hलगren, 620 Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

SEC. NAVAL BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Reunion, Hotel Merritt, Oakland, Calif., Feb. 21. Walter L. Holland, 7144 Schmidt Lane, El Cerrito, Calif.

NATL. TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSOC.—20th anniversary reunion, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 5. Arnold Joerns, pres., Suite 2300, 333 N. Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Permanent organization. Report to Geo. W. Nichols, Route 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

U. S. S. Bridge—Proposed organization officers and men of crew, 1918-19. F. W. Fielder, Villa Rica, Ga.

U. S. S. George Washington—Reunion, New York City, April 11. M. G. Rosenwald, 3111 Heath av., New York City.

U. S. S. Nebraska—Vets of crew interested in reunion, write to Wm. Munro, 306 Beach 66th st., Arverne, L. I., N. Y.

A. E. F. SIBERIA—1st annual banquet and reunion of East Coast-Middle West vets of A. E. F. S., New York City, in March. For details, write Sgt. Herbert E. Smith, Publicity Bureau, U. S. Army, Governors Island, N. Y.

CASUALS, ATTENTION!—Society of the S. O. L. now being organized for all bona fide casuals. Report to R. Warren Nowell, South Windham, Maine.

WORLD WAR PROV. OFFICERS ASSOC.—Newly organized. All provisional officers are requested to write to Blaine B. Wallace, pres., 328 1st Natl. Bank bldg., Denver, Colo.

VETS. A. E. F. Siberia—Men and women of Army, Navy or Marine Corps who served in Siberia, report to E. B. Buckley, 155 N. Clark st., Chicago, Ill., for bulletin of 1938 Mid-West meetings.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk



HALF A WEEK *without sleep* UNDER HEAVY FIRE

Fairfax Downey got his citation for sticking to his post at Regimental Field Headquarters—a stuffy little farmhouse in the Belleau Wood section—for some three days and nights without sleep and under heavy fire. That's when the Americans were defeating the last great German drive toward Paris. But what Downey prefers to recall is a quieter spell on the Front when he and three other banjo-strummers used to strum for Colonel McCloskey—with the 'phone off the hook so the French General, at his own headquarters, could get a cheerful earful too!

Downey had definitely intended *not* to be a soldier. He'd grown up in Army posts—son of an Army officer, grandson of a veteran of Civil War battles and fights with Indians. He had no pic-

turesque illusions about the Army. Yet 1916 found him in the Yale Batteries, National Guard, all set to march to Mexico—though they never got a chance to march further than Pennsylvania. Then came April, 1917. Downey promptly volunteered—sailed for France, January, 1918, a Second Lieutenant—came back a Captain.

War over, Downey decided to see whether he could write. He could! He is the author of those recent, brilliant biographies, "Richard Harding Davis, His Day" and "Portrait of An Era as Drawn by C. D. Gibson"—and other works too numerous to mention. We do mention, however, with pardonable pride, that Fairfax Downey is still a frequent and much valued contributor to this magazine.

"The Gibson Girl!" murmurs the Advertising Man. "My earliest ideal! Remember the car she rode in? Nobody's more intelligently appreciative of modern streamlined power and comfort than Legionnaires—we've watched it develop. Guess that's why we were picked as the right crowd to appreciate the story of the new 1938 Ford V8. There's another reason, too, why we know how to appreciate modern American products. We came back from overseas with new respect for such things as good American cigarettes—efficient American telephone service. We're the right crowd to appreciate the story of those 'They Satisfy' Chesterfields, and the story of the amazing convenience and efficiency of Bell Telephones."

"I AM ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO PREFER CAMELS" SAYS RALPH GREENLEAF

WORLD'S CHAMPION IN POCKET BILLIARDS



"HEALTHY NERVES ARE A MUST WITH ME!"

Fourteen different times the headlines have flashed: RALPH GREENLEAF WINS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. He is counted the greatest pocket billiard player of all time. Cool under fire. Often pulling from behind with brilliant runs of 59 and 76 to win.

"Even before I won my first big championship I'd already picked Camel as my cigarette," said Ralph in a special interview during recent championship play in Philadelphia. "I'd say the most important rule in this game is to have healthy nerves. It pays to be sure of the mildness of your cigarette. And on that score, I think, Camels have a lot extra to offer. One of the main reasons why I've stuck to Camels for 20 years is—they don't ruffle my nerves."

And America as a nation shows the same preference for finer tobaccos that Ralph Greenleaf does! Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America



Fencing experts, too, appreciate Camel's finer tobaccos. As BELA DE TUSCAN, the famous instructor, says: "The fast action in fencing is very tiring, and I welcome the 'lift' I get with a Camel."

"I'm devoted to Camels," says HELEN HOWARD, top-flight spring-board diver, of Miami, Florida. "They're my *one and only* cigarette! They don't irritate my throat. Most of the girls I know smoke Camels, too."



JAMES L. CLARK, famous scientist and explorer, says: "I choose Camels for steady smoking—always carry plenty of Camels with me into the wilderness. I'm in step with the millions who say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' Many's the time I've actually done it."



"The way these light boats bounce around is enough to knock the daylights out of my digestion! That's why I enjoy Camels so much at mealtime. They help my digestion to keep on a smooth and even keel," says MULFORD SCULL, veteran outboard motorboat racer.



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